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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
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THREE GENERATIONS OF FLIRTEES.

YOUR grandmamma, of golden locks,
I flirted with, through sun and shade;
I flirted with your mother, dear,
In many a moonlight masquerade;
And now you're sitting by my side
With gauzy tresses waving wide,
A winsome maid.

The flying summers have not woo'd
A dimple from that bright young brow;
But when I met your mother first
She smiled as you are smiling now.
Like yours the form, the face as fair,
I vow'd to keep her lock of hair —
And kept the vow.

One hand I held — a captive small
In mute revolt — was mine misplaced?
Perhaps (observe, I say "perhaps")
It girdled some one's fairy waist —
Such complications, 'tis averr'd,
Might chance — nay, don't be vexed, I err'd
In point of taste!

I only meant to "illustrate,"
Or, as it were, rehearse the scene
Which fancy, ling'ring on the past,
Recalls with you, my dainty queen —
Ah, yes! time changes, as you'd sav —
Blanch'd beards should not be quite so gay,
But hearts are charm'd from growing grey
With sweet sixteen.

H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

Temple Bar.

ALTABISCAR.

FROM THE BASQUE.

On the broad Basque mountains arose a cry,
Shrilly and wildly it rang to the sky.
Etcheco Jauna stood calm at his door,
"Who goes?" he shouted amid the roar,
As his sheep dogs' baying was echoed far
Over the heights of Altabiscar.

Through Ibeneta's winding cleft
The clamor sounded from right to left.
'Tis the noise of a host that comes from far!
Our mountains give back the shout of war!
Etcheco Jauna heard with a frown;
He took his bow and his quiver down.

They come, they come! How the sunbeams
dance
On flutter of flag and flashing of lance;
Rank upon rank, like billows piled.
"Count our foemen; count well, my child."
He numbered them slowly to full a score —
"Twenty! ay, twenty, and hundreds more!"

Stay not to number them, on to the van,
From the broad Basque mountains come
every man!

Tear up the rocks 'mid the boulders grey,
Thunder them down on the winding way,
Thunder them down on each serried rank,
Thunder them down upon either flank.

What would they here from the busy North?
Why must they send their squadrons forth?
God made our hills for our use alone;
God gave our hills, and we guard our own.
Crash down the rocks on the path they tread,
Give the invaders a welcome dread.

Fly all who may from such blood-stained
tomb;
On the wind floats Carloman's raven plume;
Still lies thy nephew, oh, great Roländ,
With his dauntless heart and his terrible
hand!
Now, now, ye Basques! let your arrows fly,
Thick as the hail 'neath the wintry sky.

For they fly, they fly! What now remains
Of the banners that danced across the plains?
Of the plumps of spear-heads that gleam no
more,
For their sheen is lost in the stains of gore?
Count them, my child, for the day is done,
Count them, backward, from twenty to one.
What! are none left to number, my son?

Not one, not one, for the fight is o'er;
Etcheco Jauna, stride home once more;
Pass, with thy dog, where thy wife awaits
With thy child in her arms beside thy gates;
Cleanse horn and arrows, lie down in peace
For a while the clamor of war will cease,
For the vultures bark to the tainted breeze,
And swoop to their feast in the Pyrenees.

All The Year Round.

A VIGNETTE.

HIGH in the blue the swallows swim like
moths:
Bronzed brambles lean o'er chalky cliffs;
below
The stream beneath the mill-wheel whirls and
froths,
Then wounded writhes along the meadow
slow.
White roads with flinty margins rise and fall;
Red houses look out from their orchards
green;
The garrulous magpies to each other call,
And, scant of grass, the tethered oxen glean.
A silvery sound of horse-bells shakes the air,
Now calm with coming night. The acacias
stand
Etched on the orange sky, where shadows rare
Guard, as mute sentinels, the enchanted
land
Through which the sun sinks to the un-
seen sea,
Behind the wooded heights of Normandy!

JOHN HOGGEN.

Monville, Seine-Inférieure.

Spectator.

From The Contemporary Review.
HOME RULE AND HOME RULERS.

THE possibility that the future of Ireland and the integrity of the United Kingdom may depend on the issue of a suit in the divorce court suggests some curious reflections. The part which accident plays in the determinations of history is a favorite branch of speculation with those philosophers who have a fancy for dealing with the "might have beens" of the world, erecting themselves into a sort of amateur Providence and constructing a succession of events which never happened. If Eve had not listened to the serpent and eaten the apple the whole course of the world would have been changed. If the Persians had not been defeated at Marathon, Europe might have been another Asia. If Julius Cæsar on the fatal Ides of March had listened to the soothsayer and to Calpurnia, and had stayed away from the Senate House, the Roman Empire might have been built up on more durable foundations than those which the inferior genius of Augustus was able to lay. If Cleopatra had been a plain and unprepossessing person; if, as Pascal puts it, her nose had been an inch shorter than nature actually made it, Antony would not have taken flight at Actium; rather, there would have been no sea-fight there for him to fly from. If the fates had granted long days to Marcellus, there might have been no Tiberius, no Caligula, no Nero. If the accident which was nearly fatal to Richard Cromwell in the banqueting house had actually brought his weak and worthless life to a close, and his brother Henry had succeeded to the Protectorate, there might have been no Stuart restoration in 1660. If Queen Anne had lived long enough—a few weeks or months would have sufficed—to give Bolingbroke time to complete his plans, there might have been a Stuart restoration, and all that it implied, in 1714. If the disreputable Fred, who was alive and then dead, and left nothing more to be said, had lived to succeed his father on the throne, there might have been no American War and no dismemberment of the British Empire. If George III. had died before Pitt, Catholic Emancipation might have come twenty years

earlier than it did, and the course of Irish history have been other than it was. If, in 1885, Mr. Gladstone had had a majority independent of the Irish vote, we might never have heard of Home Rule from his lips. Finally, if the O'Gorman Mahon had not introduced Captain O'Shea to Mr. Parnell, we might be looking forward to Home Rule a few years hence.

This doctrine that chance is king, this historic casualism, was the theory of Bolingbroke, who saw in mortal changes and events simply the cruel bantering of a capricious fortune. It was the doctrine which Pope borrowed, as he did many other things, from him—"What great effects from trivial causes spring"—though he departed from it when he perceived in chance but invisible direction, and in a Borgia or a Catiline effects as natural as plagues and earthquakes. But here too his philosophy was inconsistent with the recognition that the Providence which bound nature fast in fate left free the human will. The fact is that your "if," though sometimes a very effective peacemaker, is a very imperfect historic philosopher. It requires no great discernment to see that if a thread here and a thread there are plucked from the texture of history, the whole web will be unravelled out and fall in pieces. The particular thread which the attempt is made to disentangle is part of the web, and cannot be severed from it. Instead of holding that the great revolutions of history depend upon shifting and trivial accidents, it is more natural to hold that these apparent accidents are themselves effects of the general causes which they are vainly supposed to originate; bubbles, or at most ripples and eddies, on the great stream of tendency which carries them along with it. If the Duke of Burgundy, Mr. Lecky argues, had succeeded Louis XIV., and France had been spared the regency and the reign of Louis XV. the Revolution might have been effected peaceably, and without solution of the continuity of French society and institutions. But what reason is there to suppose that the social pestilence which corrupted into moral rottenness the Duke of Orleans and Louis XV. would have left the character

of the Duke of Burgundy unassailed, or that the pupil of Fénelon would have turned out better than the pupil of Seneca, of whom even more extravagant hopes were at one time, and with apparent reason, entertained. The murder of the Duchesse de Praslin by her husband, and M. Teste's conviction of bribery, ostensibly led to that revolution of contempt which overthrew Louis-Philippe; but they were simply instances of a general deterioration of morals, personal and public. The popular imagination and indignation fastened on them; but, if they had been wanting, other examples of wickedness in high and official places would not have been lacking to supply the individual offences and offenders which are necessary to concentrate and sharpen dissatisfaction and disapproval into indignation and punishment. A saying of Mirabeau's has been recently quoted, which, in its general effect, amounts to this: that his private excesses had marred his power of serving his country; but his private excesses were characteristic of his day and his time. It was a particular instance of a general malady, which probably would have been fatal even though Mirabeau had not taken the infection.

In the considerations which have been indicated is the true answer to the argument that the personal character of Mr. Parnell is entirely irrelevant to the question of Home Rule, and that if Home Rule is right it remains right, no matter how wrong he may be proved to be. A very bad man no doubt may be, let us say, a very good mathematician, and the worth of his demonstrations does not depend upon his fidelity to the Ten Commandments. But in matters of government, and especially in creating a new government, the question of institutions is scarcely more vital than that of persons. The character of the men into whose hands the conduct of affairs is to be put requires to be as carefully weighed as the powers with which it is proposed to invest them. From the time of Alcibiades to that of Charles James Fox, not to travel beyond the beginning of the present century, great and brilliant statesmen have often pushed profligacy to ex-

cess. Bad as Mr. Parnell's conduct is in itself, it is such as, after the decent interval of retirement which Mr. Gladstone judiciously suggested, and after such atonement as is possible, is usually condoned. What has shocked men was less the sensual offence into which Mr. Parnell has been betrayed, than other qualities, which in one sense magnify his guilt and in another dwarf it. The cold treachery, the protracted hypocrisy, the sneaking concealment under false names and in constantly shifted residences, the lying responses to the friend whom he deceived and to the political colleagues to whom he solemnly declared his innocence, all the ignoble expedients of fraud and falsehood to which he had recourse, double and treble the iniquity which he has confessed. It is viler in its accidents and attendant circumstances than in its essence. It is these things which fix the deepest brand upon Mr. Parnell, and render the proposal to hand over to him—for to this Home Rule comes—almost unlimited power in the government of Ireland an act of criminal lunacy. Mr. Parnell's deposition from the leadership, however, by no means gets rid of him. Even if it should be ratified by the opinion of the Irish race, as it is called, on both sides of the Atlantic, that judgment is not irreversible. There will be an appeal from Philip sober to Philip drunk.

If Mr. Parnell should be driven from English public life without hope of return to it, the matter is not much mended. The Irish Gladstonians, to give them the name which best expresses their political position, and the tenure by which they hold their political existence, have never said any deliberate word in moral condemnation of Mr. Parnell's conduct. They are not in the least shocked by it. The outcry of the English Nonconformists, which alarmed Mr. Gladstone, did not in the first instance move them. They gathered together in Dublin to denounce what they described as the Pharisaic cant of Ebenezer and Little Bethel. They declared that the spheres of politics and morality were distinct, and they proclaimed their unabated confidence in their "gallant" leader, and the unchilled fervor

of their devotion to him. They as little dreamt of any political disqualification attaching to Mr. Parnell as Mr. Parnell did himself. Mr. Parnell perhaps thought that he could better defend his leadership as elected leader than as a candidate proscribed by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Parnell, with all his shrewdness and tactical skill, lacks the dexterity which half a century's Parliamentary experience has conferred upon his antagonist. His acceptance of Mr. Gladstone's proposal would, in return for temporary effacement in the English Parliament, have practically secured him, in the event of Home Rule being carried, the Irish premiership; it would not be too much to say, the Irish dictatorship. That, indeed, an Irish Parliament would probably in any case confer upon him. Sharp as have been the conflicts, and bitter as are the animosities, between the Parnellites and the Irish Gladstonians, they are not likely to be very long-lived. For a time there will, no doubt, be the strongest mutual denunciations. There may be rival Gladstonian and Parnellite candidates in every vacant Irish constituency. Mr. Parnell, who has of late years been the moderator of his party, will probably, as against his successors and rivals, whose business it now will be to temporize with and reassure alarmed English feeling, make appeal to the extreme section, the men of outside action. As he formerly incited the tenants against the landlords, he is likely now to address himself to the laboring class as against the tenants, if the tenants rank themselves with his adversaries. The more formidable each section of the party can prove itself to the other, the more anxious each will be for reconciliation with its antagonist—such reconciliation, that is to say, as is the condition of common action. Mr. Parnell is not a sentimentalist, and is indifferent to the union of hearts, provided only there is a union of hands. The very fury and clamor of the first conflicts between the Parnellites and the Irish Gladstonians is a sign of a coming understanding. Hatreds may soon burn themselves out. The sense of a common interest is a very durable feeling. There can be very little doubt, therefore, that after a suitable

period of alienation, though the two separate organizations may be maintained, in order to keep up appearances with Mr. Gladstone, and through Mr. McCarthy to keep open communications with him, the divided Irish party will practically become again one party, secretly directed by Mr. Parnell, and working under his astute guidance for the gratification of his insatiable political ambition. Mr. Parnell may think that Home Rule may be for the benefit of Ireland, but he is determined that Home Rule shall be his rule. His feeling, to adopt an illustration of the late Lord Derby's, is not that of the father who is anxious for the happiness of his child, through whomsoever it may come, but of the lover who cannot bear that the object of his passion should owe her happiness to any one but himself.

Those members of the British portion of the Gladstonian party who are trying to persuade themselves that Mr. Parnell's compulsory retirement from the Irish leadership in Parliament, or even the repudiation of him by Irish organizations in the United Kingdom and in America, will permanently banish him from public life, do not understand the man and the influences which work for him.

Supposing that he were banished forever, matters would not be sensibly improved. Except that they were not, and could not be, co-respondents with him in the divorce suit, the Irish Parliamentary party are nearly all of them accomplices in Mr. Parnell's offences. There are some honorable men among them, notably the distinguished chairman of the Irish Gladstonian party, whose character and accomplishments partly cover the multitudinous sins of his colleagues. With these deductions, whatever Mr. Parnell has done they have done. All the offences which have been proved against him have been brought home to most of them. Men who would shrink from handing over Ireland to Mr. Parnell, will not mend matters by handing it over instead to the anti-Parnellite Parnellites, even if that should be more than indirectly giving it to him. It is not to be supposed that the scruples of English Gladstonians are merely geographical, and that, though

they will not tolerate Mr. Parnell as leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, they think him quite good enough to be first minister of the crown in Ireland itself. Home Rule, in the sense which the word has now acquired, is Parnellism, and the character of the thing is not changed by getting rid, if that could be done, of the man.

II.

MR. PARNELL'S position in Irish politics very strikingly illustrates the fact that democracy, in curious contradiction to its name, is practically the "one man power." Where it does not take this form, as in France for the moment, and in the United States, it is not because the tendency is lacking, but because the man is wanting. There does not seem to be in those countries any one possessing the qualities necessary even for a sham hero. There is no one whom, by much making-believe, his fellow-countrymen can dress up into an object of admiration and devotion. The "boss," the wire-puller, and the log-roller have it all their own way. Politics exhibit often a meanness and a squalor, and almost always a paltriness, which is incompatible with a lofty national temper. Sentiment cannot be excluded from public affairs without lowering them to the level of the counting-house and the Stock Exchange. Perhaps political sentiment is most naturally and healthily expressed when it fixes itself upon the representative of a long line of kings, whose history embodies the whole course of the national life, with its long series of struggles and defeats and final triumphs, the traditions of the past and the hopes of the future.

In the absence, through permanent causes or temporary accident, of this steady and steadying national feeling, the personal element in politics is apt to give itself up to vagaries of admiration and execration, which are full of political danger. To a statesman who has taken the popular fancy, so long as he keeps it, nothing is denied. The institutions of the country are given him to do what he likes with, making or marring them at his caprice. There is no need that his qualities should be admirable in themselves. When Lord Byron wanted a hero for his most unheroic poem, he pitched upon Don Juan; and it would appear from recent events, that a nation is capable of making a somewhat similar choice. It does not seem to matter much what a man's characteristics are, so long as they are striking. Charles II. was popular through his gay

vices; George III. through his domestic virtues. The contrast was not confined to kings. It was exhibited in the careers of Charles James Fox and the younger Pitt, and contemporary parallels might be found without difficulty. The popular imagination is impressed by courage and coolness, by variety and promptitude of resource, by the power of fighting a long battle against great odds. It admires the skill of the swordsman without taking much account of the cause in which he draws the sword. This feeling explains the reprehensible indulgence shown to Mr. Parnell after the exposure before the Special Commission of offences on his part which makes the repudiation of his companionship and leadership which has followed on the divorce court scandal a gross moral inconsistency. The character of the man, as it was shown in the later proceedings, would probably have justified those who think that personal honor and good faith are essential in a politician in withdrawing from personal and public relations with him. But not one quality was there displayed which was not equally manifest when the Town Council of Edinburgh bestowed on him that freedom of the city which they have now withdrawn, and when Mr. John Morley sounded him as to his willingness to take office under any new administration which Mr. Gladstone might be called on to form. His admission that he had made deliberately in the House of Commons a statement which, at the time of making it, he believed to be untrue, with a view of deceiving the House, was known to the statesmen who were cultivating his friendship, and courting his alliance, and offering him office — for Mr. John Morley, who was authorized to make the inquiry, was not, it may be presumed, empowered to say no, if Mr. Parnell had happened to say yes. A lie by which a public man, supposed to be speaking as a gentleman in an assembly of gentlemen, abuses the good faith of the House of Commons is, perhaps, as black a lie as can be. Mr. Gladstone has said as much; and his casuistry is sound. Yet a falsehood of this order was not merely brought home to Mr. Parnell, and admitted reluctantly by him under pressure, it was spontaneously confessed by him in easy and incidental explanation of a statement which he could not otherwise account for. The commissioners reported that allegations by the dozen against Mr. Parnell were fully established, the truth of which he denied on oath.

In France the term of unpardonable

insult is, we believe, *Lâche; Menteur* may be overlooked; but in England to call a man a liar is a more deadly affront even than to call him a coward; and a man who calls himself a liar leaves other people nothing worse to call him. They can only, if he be a politician, decline future relations with him, and this until now they have done. But the ethics of public life have undergone a change since the year 1885. The proof and confession of mendacity, conviction of criminal conspiracy for the dismemberment of the empire, and for the expulsion of a class of the community from its homes, property, and country, have not been thought to deprive the men who practise them of their title to be considered a Parliamentary party pursuing constitutional ends by legal means. The solemnly recorded verdict of three judges of the land that Mr. Parnell and his followers, including some of the most prominent of the men who have now revolted from him, were guilty of these things, has been greeted as a triumphal acquittal, because a particular letter attributed to Mr. Parnell was found not to have been written by him. In everything except the one private injury of which Mr. Parnell has by his silence made confession, the followers are as their leader, and even in that particular they ridicule the prudery and Puritanism to which they have been obliged to submit in practice, and deny that morality has anything to do with politics.

They are perfectly consistent. The whole action of the Parnellite party from its formation to the present day has been based on the systematic extrusion of morality from politics. What distinguishes the period before from the period after 1886 is simply this: that English statesmen have palliated and excused these practices, and, by associating themselves with the ends sought, have made themselves accomplices in the means used for the attainment of those ends. Theirs, we are inclined to think, is the greatest guilt of all. The bulk of the Irish party, though not Mr. Parnell himself, are of a race and religion which as yet has had only two generations of complete enfranchisement. The faults of a people debased by centuries of servitude are not to be effaced by threescore years of freedom. If it be true that the day on which a man becomes a slave takes half his worth away, it is unfortunately not true that the day on which he is invested with freedom invests him with the virtues of a citizen. The servile vices survive the servile condition. The

freedman and his descendants bear the marks of the degradation from which they have escaped, rather than those of the condition into which they have been lifted. Between the freeman and the freedman there is more than the difference of the letter *d*. The words "libertine" and "libertinism" are terms which, in their moral censure, express a social and political truth which has the closest bearing, if not upon the Home Rule question in itself, yet upon the demand for the immediate concession of Home Rule. The Irish people require a longer training than they have yet had in association with the law-abiding and orderly people of Great Britain before they can safely be trusted to themselves. It may be that we have them as we have made them; that is possible. But that they are what they are is certain; and, being what they are, it would be an imprudence verging on criminality to confide not merely the Home Rule majority to itself, but the lives and property of the dissentient minority to it. History may make many excuses for them; it will have only condemnation for the English statesmen and gentlemen who, differently trained, have countenanced and profited by the crimes which they ought to have rebuked and which their rebuke would have checked. Renunciation of boycotting and the plan of campaign would have been a price cheerfully paid for the Gladstonian alliance, if it could not have been had upon any other terms. The men who have sold their leader to purchase it would more readily have made this lesser sacrifice if it had been exacted. English statesmen are responsible for the crimes which they could have hindered and did not hinder.

The blind confidence which has allowed public men to take this course has been abetted by a strange apathy. The indifference of the British people to the Home Rule question is shown by the fact that the majority of those who vote for it are quite content to remain in ignorance of what they are voting for. They are satisfied that it should remain locked up in the bosom of Mr. Gladstone. This brings us to another point which marks the political management of the present time. The ostentatious publicity which is its most striking characteristic is a sham publicity. It disguises a secrecy more absolute than was ever before practised. Orators are effusive at public meetings, and at the windows of railway carriages, and simple people believe that they are taking the country into their confidence, and that

the business of the nation is being done in the light of day. In reality, it is settled in empty houses in Belgravia, or in confidential walks and talks at Hawarden.

The only people who are kept out of the secret of Home Rule are the British nation and the Irish party. No doubt, they will be told it some time or other, but only when, without having had sufficient time for deliberation, they are called upon to say yes or no. The objection that to announce a scheme prematurely would be to expose it to a long period of adverse criticism, is a practical confession that the scheme will not bear adverse criticism. If it is good, the better it is known, the better it will be liked. If it is bad, it may need to be carried by a surprise, in which the heats of party fight will make real deliberation impossible, and in which, perhaps, a conflict between the two Houses of Parliament may blend a revolutionary struggle in England with a revolutionary struggle in Ireland.

It is a rule of the College of Physicians not to give their sanction to any remedy in ignorance of the ingredients of which it is composed. The principle is as sound in politics as in medicine. The probability is that a secret remedy is a quack remedy. Until Mr. Gladstone declares what he means by Home Rule, he might as reasonably go to the country with the cry of Abracadabra. Perhaps it would rally to him many supporters.

If the English nation by clear premonitions during the next year or two, and by a decisive majority at the general election, stamps out the Home-Rule project, or adjourns it to an indefinite future, a great danger will be averted. But great difficulties will remain. It is possible that a settlement of the land question, on the lines of Mr. Balfour's scheme, if that is happily carried through, will indispose the tenant farmers, on their way towards full ownership, to further agitation. *Beati possidentes*. Political change with them has always been means to agrarian ends — Church and State mean the land. The end being gained, the means may be dropped. After a Land Bill, they would probably welcome a stringent measure of coercion to secure their tenure of life and property. For this settlement, it is too probable, would be the beginning of a fierce struggle on the part of the politicians and adventurers who live by Irish disturbance, or seek notoriety and power in it. Mr. Parnell threatens an agitation among the laboring classes, appeals to the hillside men, and talks of being forced

into modes of action other than Parliamentary or constitutional. Mr. Davitt is as much opposed to peasant proprietorship as to any other form of private property in land. Mr. Patrick Egan, whose suspected connection with the Phoenix Park murders has never been disproved, has given in his adhesion to Mr. Justin McCarthy's party. In the event of the Home-Rule movement collapsing in Great Britain there would probably be a triple alliance of crime and rebellion. But against it there might be in Ireland not only all the forces which have hitherto stood at the side of law and freedom, but also in the case of the purchasing tenants the most important of the forces which have hitherto covertly or openly sustained disorder.

It is possible that, in the case supposed, the clergy, as a body, may permanently renounce the Jacobin alliance into which they have been drawn. The priests, both as peasants and as dependents for their dues on the Irish farming class, would, in the main, rank themselves on the side of order. The influence primarily exercised by their flocks on them would be reflected back by them on their flocks, who would be glad to find a pretext in the injunctions of the Church for taking the course to which their interest inclines them. In the event of Home Rule being decisively negatived, everything at present points to the conclusion that, in the future, the struggle in Ireland will be between law and naked and unabashed lawlessness, and that in it the tenant-purchasers of the land, the trading classes to whom the repudiation of debts is of bad augury, and the Roman Catholic clergy, pecuniarily dependent on the farmer and the shopkeeper, will be found on the same side with the landed gentry, the merchants, and the clergy of the Protestant churches, against agrarian spoliation and the breaking of the last link.

III.

THE remarks which go before were written and in the hands of the printer before the elections at Bassetlaw and North Kilkenny had taken place. Interesting as those events are, a man must be a very convinced believer in the new science of political meteorology to regard them as decisive of anything beyond themselves. The science of which this is the parody and the burlesque, is selected by writers on method as the type of an imperfect science, in which prediction is impossible, and in which speculation,

even when limited within the narrowest conditions of time and space, has the value only of more or less plausible guesses. A forecast of twenty-four hours, when confined within a specifically indicated district, is perhaps more often approximately right than positively wrong. Forecasts, which, like those of the old almanacs, should affect to foretell the weather for all England twelve months hence, would bear the brand of quackery on their face. The same remark is true of political weather forecasts. To argue from the state of the social atmosphere in England, E., or in Ireland, S., in December, 1890, to its condition over the United Kingdom a year or two hence is egregiously to trifle with common sense, if not with good faith. The elections at Bassetlaw and North Kilkenny do not necessarily indicate more than the momentary impressions and impulses predominant in these constituencies a few weeks ago. *Varium et mutabile* is a human, and especially a political characteristic.

Keeping this caution in mind, it may be well to inquire what the two elections mean. They have one feature in common. They suggest, at least, that the tactics which in 1886 broke up the Liberal party are gradually crumbling away its Home Rule successor, while they have shattered, as by dynamite, Irish Nationalism into two unequal fragments. The Home Rule minority in Bassetlaw in 1890 fell short by four hundred and nineteen votes of the Liberal minority in 1885. It is not doubted or denied that Nonconformist abstentions account for this difference. The seceders could not see that Mr. Gladstone's friendly suggestion to Mr. Parnell to withdraw for a moment from the chairmanship of his party was equivalent to a solemn excommunication of him, as permanently disabled, on moral grounds, from the Irish leadership in Westminster, and for the future premiership of Ireland. On the contrary, the proposed arrangement was a pledge of speedy reinstatement in his leadership, and ultimate gratification of his ambition. It is possible that the defeat of the Home Rule candidate in Bassetlaw may have meant something more than this. It may have indicated an awakening to the fact that Mr. Parnell's political character and conduct typify in a marked individual instance the character and conduct of his party as a whole, and of its leading members on either side of the present line of division. The laws enacting

cannot, in any English reading of them, be suspended as regards offenders of the two former classes—rent-stealers, for example—and enforced against the third only. That the men who have found out Mr. Parnell, or, rather, to whom Mr. Parnell has shamelessly discovered himself, should straightway become the dupes of his associates, would argue a degree of fatuity incompatible, if it were general, with the national safety. Mr. Chamberlain has recently said that many Home Rulers of 1886 have approached him with overtures for a reconciliation with the Unionist party, and a return to the Liberal policy as it was in 1885, the question of Home Rule being abandoned or indefinitely adjourned. If Mr. Chamberlain does not exaggerate the number and weight of these expressions of opinion, it would seem that there is a revulsion, in the light of recent disclosures, from the Home Rule surprise of 1886, and that the author of the Liberal rupture of that year may see the gradual melting away of the Home Rule party in the coming months and years.

The North Kilkenny election is valuable as disclosing what the real Ireland is of which so many fancy pictures have been drawn. Any one who would understand what Home Rule in present circumstances would mean has only to imagine the control of the police and the nomination to and tenure of magisterial and judicial offices, dependent on the administration of the day at Dublin. Yet this authority, and the liberty of dealing on the principles of Mr. Dillon with the rents and rights of landlords, are the two points on which Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites join in insisting as vital to any future measure of Home Rule. In the technical language of Irish turbulence and turmoil, a party-fight and a faction-fight are distinguished. A party-fight is a fight between members of opposite parties, Orangemen, say, and Ribbonmen. A faction-fight is a fight between members of the same party, and has something of a family character. Besides the party-fight between Unionists and Home Rulers, we have now very literally, and in the streets, faction-fights amongst Home Rulers themselves, between Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites, between bishops' men and hillside men. The necessity of opposing a single front to the enemy—the Pax Anglica is the enemy—had brought irreconcilable antagonists into the same camp, the justification of whose mutual hatreds was only postponed to the satisfaction of their

Ne quis fur esset, neu latro, neu quis adulter,

common hatred. Not for the first time in Irish history is there now an alliance between Romanism and Jacobinism. It began with talks and projects of a united Ireland in 1791, and ended in rebellion and civil war in 1798, the reconciled sects and factions flying at each other's throats.

The party of the bishops, if we may argue from North Kilkenny, is for the moment in the ascendant in Ireland. A majority of two to one has returned their nominee. Probably a general appeal to the country would show that Mr. Parnell divides it more equally with his opponents than the votes recorded for Sir John Pope Hennessy and Mr. Vincent Scully indicated. But taking the lowest estimate, he is master of a third of the Home Rule party in the constituencies and in Parliament, to say nothing of the turbulent masses of the towns; and with much smaller forces than these a protracted contest can be waged. If the bishops were as conclusively victorious as they hope to be, the position of affairs would still, assuming the Home Rule controversy to continue, be difficult and dangerous. The enemy is within as well as outside their camp; their present allies are their future foes.

A victory to which Mr. Davitt should contribute would be a victory for the predatory Socialism of Mr. Henry George, which Mr. Davitt has adopted, and which the Church has condemned. Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Dillon are for the moment as docile to the bishops as they are indocile to the pope, because the bishops are on their side and the pope is against them. But on the first difference arising the bishops will be told, as the pope has been told, to attend to the interests of religion, and not to meddle with politics. An accommodation may be patched up between Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites, but the irreconcilable divergence between the Home Rule which is Rome Rule, and the Home Rule which is the rule of the Americanized Irish, must sooner or later break forth. There may be, for a time, a division of temporal and spiritual functions. If Mr. Davitt, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. O'Brien are allowed to deal at their pleasure with the property of the Protestant minority, the Catholic bishops and clergy will be satisfied with the guardianship of the Protestant religion. That the faith of Ireland should be divorced from the property of Ireland is to their minds a crying grievance. The earth is the Lord's, and the land is the people's and therefore, on the combined principles of the Bible

and Mr. Henry George, the Catholic people of Ireland should be the owners of the soil. It is well known that the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy discourage in every way the social intercourse between Protestants and Catholics as involving, even when the sin and scandal of a mixed marriage are avoided, a serious danger, through the influence of Protestant ideas, to strictness of faith and fervor of devotion. Penal laws and open persecution would no doubt be impossible even in a Home Rule Ireland; but small and vexatious interferences, intolerably oppressive in their cumulative force, yet singly insufficient to justify the interference of the imperial authority, are more than probable. Home Rule granted to Ireland in the present condition of the country would be accompanied by the danger of a combined priestly and Jacobin assault on the religion and property of the Protestant owners of the land, to be followed by a war between these confederate foes when they had driven away the common enemy. The defeat of Home Rule and the settlement of the land question would probably bring the clergy and the farmers of Ireland to the side of law and order, besides securing those guarantees of religious liberty and equality which, apart from the Union, have but illusory safeguards.

FRANK H. HILL.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOUCHSTONE OF PERIL."

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. — *Othello*.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE JUMOO GATE.

THE rebel leaders march the column out of the palace and then into Star Street, and the troopers dismount from their horses and the sepoys pile their arms by the side of the conduit which runs down the middle of it. While the men rest, and wash, and drink, and eat, the waters of insurrection are swiftly on the rise. The entry of the mutineers into the palace was as the opening of flood-gates. The cry has gone abroad that the *raj* (rule) of the English is over; the real, though not nominal, sovereignty of the English has passed away; the nominal sovereignty of the *nuwáb* has become, once more, the real one. The commotion increases. Lawlessness grows more bold. The villainy

of the place is on the stir. Sheitanpara begins to pour forth all its ruffianry. The cavalry-men had tasted of English blood at Abdoolapore the evening before — when they had made of that Sabbath eve a witch's or devil's Sabbath. Being informed that not very far off from where they are making their brief bivouac is the house and emporium of the Englishman who with his sons keeps the only "Europe shop" in the place, half a dozen of the troopers, accompanied by a crowd of roughs and ruffians, make for the place, and soon the unfortunate Englishman and the whole of his family, eight souls in all, have been slain. The destruction of whole English families was one of the terrible features of that terrible time. Many a child in England was suddenly to find itself fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless, all at once; the sole survivor of a once large family circle. The dwelling-place and the shop are gutted, and afford splendid plunder. The game of murder and pillage has begun. The ruffians are soon warming to their work. The houses of other Europeans are attacked. Fear is withdrawing its restraint. The amusement is beginning to be considered safe. The wild-beast madness is coming on. The cry of, "Kill the — Feringhee!" — the blank space being filled up with many an opprobrious epithet, many a foul term of abuse — is rapidly becoming more frequent and more full. Louder and louder grows the tumult. The conflagration is beginning to roar.

There is one man in the city who, placed high above the tumult, pursues the usual daily round of his duties undisturbed; the only man in the place who does so. He is the man who strikes the hours on the great historical gong above the main gateway of the palace, as the members of his family have done for many generations back, ever since the great disc of sonorous metal was swung on to the great tripod, two centuries and a half ago. He raises the mallet and delivers the stroke, as little disturbed by what is going on below as would be the wheels and hammer of a clock, of which he is the human representative. He, uncaring, notes the passage of the hours which to so many are to be their last ones on the earth. He, untroubled, numbers out the hours to those whose hours are numbered. While that English family is being murdered below he is delivering the needful ten strokes on the gong. The rustics in the neighboring villages, who have ample leisure to note the idle, passing hours, have nothing to

employ them until the heavy deluge of "the rains" shall come and soften the iron-bound earth and enable them to drive their light ploughshares through it, say to one another, "It is striking ten o'clock;" but the sound passes unheeded over the din-filled streets immediately below.

The natives of India are great walkers, and their calf-less legs carry their light bodies over very long distances. But still the sepoy, having once seated themselves, are inclined to linger in the pleasant shade of the trees and by the pleasant margin of the running water. The Soubahdar Mada-deen Panday is, however, very urgent with the leader of the mutineers for an immediate move on the Jumoo Gate; it is so needful to secure it at once. It stands on the main line of communication with the cantonment. If the sepoy cannot be got to move, why not send some of the troopers? All that is needed is for them to go to the gate; the guard itself, men of his own regiment, will secure it for them. The leader of the insurgents, bold and active, determined to make his enterprise successful, says "certainly," and he will go himself. He is soon moving down Star Street with a squadron of his men.

While he is approaching the Jumoo Gate from within, one of the regiments from the cantonment is approaching it from without. It is the 66th, the one commanded by Colonel Barnes, and to which the Soubahdar Rustum Khan, the Sikunder Begum's present paramour-in-chief, belongs.

We must go back to the time when the brigadier had received the first intimation of the approach of the mutineers. "They are now, probably, about four miles off," Mr. Melvil had written. "They must be kept from crossing the bridge, from entering the city — they may create a disturbance there." The brigadier orders out all the troops. His aide-de-camp is soon galloping about, his orderlies are soon flying hither and thither. Officers of all ranks are soon galloping along all the roads, as you might have seen them galloping three-quarters of an hour before; but this time they are galloping towards the infantry and artillery lines, and not away from them. The lines of the three sepoy regiments covered a large space of ground — the sepoy live in separate huts and not together in one barrack like our men. The Grenadiers occupied the lines farthest from the town, the 66th the lines nearest to it. This had a bearing on the events of the day. The brigadier would rather have sent the Grenadiers, as being

the best regiment and commanded by the best officer, down to the scene of action. (He, and those about him, had formed the opinion that the mutineers must simply be trying to escape from an English force behind them; that they were making for the bridge under Khizrabad simply in order to get as soon as possible out of the English-ruled Doab into the foreign territory beyond Khizrabad; that they must be a disorganized rabble whom one regiment and a couple of guns would be sufficient to check; that the only danger to be apprehended was that of their getting into the city and producing a disturbance, a "bazaar émeute," as the brigadier called it, there.) But as the Grenadiers' lines are the farthest off, and time is now the most important element in the matter—the only important element the brigadier and those about him think—he determines to send the nearest regiment, which is the 66th. Colonel Barnes is ordered to march quickly down and prevent the mutineers from crossing the bridge of boats; at all events, prevent them from entering the city. He is to be accompanied by a couple of guns. But as there is some delay in the arrival of these—the sepoys were ready at once, because they had not taken off their uniforms—the brigadier directs Barnes to leave two companies to follow with the guns, and push on at once with the remaining six companies, which he does. The regiment has first to traverse a side road along which there are no trees and on which the sun, the only enemy some of the English officers think they have to dread, is beating fiercely down, and across which the hot wind has begun to blow, raising up clouds of dust. At any other time Tommy Walton and Loo Hill would not have liked trudging it through that hot, blinding sand. But they do not mind it now. They are too full of excitement. They may have a chance of taking share in a bit of fighting, of smelling gunpowder for the first time. And so they step out cheerily, cheek by jowl with their dusky men.

And now they have entered on the carefully watered mall, with its double avenue of trees casting their coolness into the air, and it is more comfortable here, even though it is near ten o'clock. And now they are descending the long slope leading down from the ridge, now traversing the plain lying between it and the city walls, still of course along the pleasant shady mall. They have reached the Jumoo Gate. They are crossing the long drawbridge. They have passed through

the outer gate. They have entered the wide enclosure where William Hay has his men turned out and under arms. And now they have passed through the inner gateway—the inner and outer gates were both wide open—into the street beyond. Colonel Barnes and all the mounted officers are riding carelessly together at the head of the regiment, as if they were on an ordinary march. They have still the width of the city to traverse before they arrive on the scene of operations. The street, or more properly road, they have entered on soon begins to have other roads running out of it or crossing it. Two main ones leave it a short way beyond the Jumoo Gate. The first one runs off to the left into the English quarter; the other one runs off to the right, a little further on, and leads into the heart of the city, to Star Street. Now, as the six companies of the 66th are approaching the head of this road from the Jumoo Gate, the rebel leader with his squadron of cavalry is approaching it from Star Street. But both roads have thick avenues of trees along their sides, and the angle between them is filled up by the grounds of the mansion of a Mohammedan noble, thickly planted with trees and surrounded by a high brick wall. The two parties are therefore not aware of one another's close vicinity. The mounted English officers are riding carelessly together at the head of the regiment. They think the scene of action is still far off. The men are marching with sloped arms. The muskets are not loaded. Colonel Barnes stated afterwards, in his official report, that he had led the men into the city with unloaded muskets because he anticipated nothing more than a bazaar riot, which he could quell by the use of the bayonet alone. As the head of the regiment comes within about a hundred yards of the corner, the front rank of the cavalry squadron enters the same road, and wheeling to the left, towards the Jumoo Gate, the troopers and the sepoys find themselves face to face; and they continue to advance towards one another, for the sepoys cannot halt without the word of command, and in the first moments of stupefaction and surprise Colonel Barnes cannot give it—he is so taken aback; he had thought these men were on the other side of the river. And the troopers cannot halt, for they are pushed on by the men coming round the corner, who do not know what is ahead of them. Then Colonel Barnes shouts out "Halt!" and gives the order to load. The first order

is obeyed, but not the second. The leader of the mutineers hails this joyously. He has not had time to note which regiment this is. He was afraid it might be the Grenadiers. "*Bhai-bund!*" (Bond-brethren!), he shouts.

"*Bhai-bund!*" shouts the Soubahdar Rustum Khan from the head of the regiment.

And then from the troopers comes the shout of "*Mar Sala Feringhee ho!*" (Slay the Feringhee brothers-in-law!) And they dash forward at the English officers on horseback and shoot them down with their carbines and pistols — those on foot are bayoneted by their own men. Soon all is over. Four only of the English officers who were with their regiment that day escaped with their lives. All were not killed on the spot; some made a run for it, back towards the Jumoo Gate or down some of the side roads and lanes; but the troopers were after them, and had the speed of them, and most of them were overtaken and slain. But two of them managed to escape by leaping over walls, and two of those left for dead on the road itself survived their wounds. Eight bodies lay together not far from that corner of fatal meeting. And now there are yells and shouts of triumph, and the two bodies of mutineers exchange boisterous and boastful greetings. The Soubahdar Rustum Khan has seized and mounted poor old Barnes's splendid weight-carrying charger and assumed the command of his regiment.

He and his co-religionist, the leader from Abdoolapore, exchange a brief greeting. "We have come to seize the Jumoo Gate," says the latter. "We have only to enter it," says the former, pointing his sword towards the open portal, which is full in view.

The men, the sepoys, go right about face, and Rustum Khan leads them towards the gateway, waving his sword, and the troopers come following after. The sepoys have passed over a good portion of the distance, when the pleasing void of the gateway is disagreeably obstructed by the tall form of an English officer, by the black muzzles of a couple of guns, by the side of which stand two gunners with blazing port-fires in their hands. The sepoys come to a sudden halt. Rustum Khan waves his sword and calls on them to charge. But the movement is now the other way. The regiment recoils, and recoils, and recoils still more, and still further back. If they keep to that road, which runs in a direct line with the gate-

way for a long way, the disagreeable fear of those guns will be on them for a very great while. And so when the sepoys, heading backwards, reach the corner of the road leading towards Star Street, that along which the troopers have come, they rush into it and will not halt until they have got a good way down it. And then news is brought to Rustum Khan that the guns are no longer pointing down the road — because the massive gate has been closed. "How frightened they are of cannon!" says Rustum Khan to the leader of the rebel force from Abdoolapore. "But the guns could only have been discharged once. Only a few men would have been killed, and we should have been in the gateway. Now we have lost our chance. We can do nothing here without guns. We must now proceed to supply ourselves with them from the arsenal. We shall have difficulty in gaining the day over the English so long as they have guns and we have none. It is a great affliction to have missed this splendid chance of seizing this gateway. But still it is a great thing to have got almost the whole of the regiment on our side at once; the remaining two companies will be more a source of weakness than of strength to the English. So will the 76th, now that so many of them have joined you — more especially the Soubahdar Major Matadeen Panday. The English have only the Grenadiers and the guns to depend on now. We must make for the arsenal at once."

As this major portion — it is thought the whole — of one of the three local regiments marches into Star Street in company with the troopers, whose grey jackets are now the symbol of mutiny — as the news of its defection from the English cause, and of the slaughter of its English officers, which has set on that defection the seal of blood, made it an irrevocable step, flies around — the commotion in that main central thoroughfare becomes greater than ever. Now do peace and order take their final flight, not to return for many a day. Now does lawlessness begin to reign supreme. Now does the Devil's Quarter empty itself. Now do its most crime-laden inhabitants come forth from their secret hiding-places. The sons of Belial issue forth. Now do the butchers, the men of blood, ever foremost in deeds of violence, leave their slaughter-houses to take part in another kind of shambles. There begin to be incursions into the English quarter; the dwelling-place of the ruling race is losing its sanctity. The

roughs and ruffians of the bazaars lying within or along the borders of this quarter, begin to gather together ready for mischief. They have begun to rob and are ready to murder.

A native Christian bugler had carried the news of what was happening at the corner back to the Jumoo Gate. Hay had called on his men to hasten to the help of the officers of the 66th, but they had refused to move. Then the other two companies of the 66th arrive, with the two guns. It is an awkward situation for the English officers—two companies of the very regiment that had just attacked its officers, and Hay's fifty men who had just refused to obey his orders. But the officer in charge of the guns is a man of prompt action, and he knows that he can depend on his own men, natives though they be. And so he loads his two pieces and points them through the gateway; and that having caused the rebellious regiment to retire, he promptly turns their muzzles inwards, facing the two companies of the same corps within, so as to check any inclination they might have had to help their brethren or to rush after them; and then he gets his artillerymen to close the massive gates. This done, he sends up information of what has happened to the brigadier.

The brigadier's feelings on receiving that information may easily be conceived. The defection of the 66th quite changes the situation. It gives the preponderance of strength to the enemy. The 76th was weakened by having to furnish the city and palace guards; it was, besides, unreliable—had been in a disaffected condition for some years back. The Grenadiers and the battery of artillery are all he has to rely upon now. And with this force he has to make head against the mutineers, now four regiments strong; ensure the safety of the huge city; guard the widespread cantonment. And on his shoulders was laid the heavy burden, the weight of which was so terribly felt at the coming siege of Cawnpore, with its tragical ending; at the siege of Lucknow, with its brighter termination—the burden of the care for the lives of a great number of helpless women and children. And apart from the terrible local consequences that might ensue from it, of which this slaying of their officers by the 66th was a foretaste, the mere fact of the mutiny of these three regiments at Abdoolapore, of this regiment in his own command was almost enough to overwhelm the old man, the pride, the joy, the honorable traditions of

whose life had all been bound up with the sepoy army. (The great blow that the mutiny of the Bengal army inflicted on the feelings of the English officers belonging to it has never been sufficiently appreciated or sympathized with, as the mutiny was held to be in some sort their own fault.) Moreover this sudden and unexpected defection of one of the oldest regiments in the Company's army, which had always rendered the Company most excellent and faithful service, brings on him this great fear: Are even the Grenadiers, are even the native artillerymen, to be trusted? That is the worst of an alien and mercenary army—you never know at what moment it may fail you. It is a thing apart from yourself. We English people have to pursue our imperial course, but it is as well to bear in mind that our ultimate dependence must be on the men of our own race. It is best to be on one's own legs, but if you are on horseback you must ride. However sore the old man's feelings, however troubled his thoughts, he has now to act. It is obvious that the Jumoo Gate must be secured. The possession of that may keep the city in awe. It bars the straight road from the city to the cantonment. He orders Colonel Grey to proceed at once with half his regiment and a couple of guns to the gateway which is now in such imminent peril of being lost. (This is to be the last forward movement of the English.) He himself then marches down with the remaining portions of the two regiments, the Grenadiers and the 76th, and the remaining two guns, to the ridge, and posts himself on it by the side of the Flagstaff Tower. He thus has command of both the roads leading down to the cantonment from the city.

And soon by the side of the Flagstaff Tower are crowded together all those buggies and barouches and palanquin carriages which were to be seen moving up and down the Mall in the early morning or late evening, or gathered together round the band-stand. And in these vehicles, which afford hardly any shelter from the sun—none from the fiery, dust-laden blast—the delicately nurtured women who have hurried out from the innermost recesses of carefully cooled and darkened houses have to pass the rest of the day. In them they sit solitary or in the midst of a closely packed crowd of little children, whose sufferings from the heat and glare and the want of their usual comforts add so greatly to their own. Those sufferings become very great in the

terrible midday and early afternoon hours. And the women are weighed upon by a great fear for the safety of the lives of their husbands, their children, and themselves; a fear that goes on increasing as from the city outspread before them, and from the midst of the English quarter, rise up columns of smoke, and the news of the murder of the English shopkeeper and his family reaches the spot and spreads among them. Their hearts might have sunk utterly within them, had they not been buoyed up by one hope, by a continually increasing hope—a hope which increased the more it was disappointed—the hope that the pursuing English force from Abdoolapore must now be near at hand, its continually delayed arrival only showing that its arrival could not longer be delayed.

When Colonel Grey passes into the enclosure at the Jumoo Gateway, with his entirely reliable men, the balance of power there is once more in favor of the English. But he cannot move to any distance beyond it, lest the gates should be closed behind him; nor has he orders to do so. But there is now no enemy near, and the bodies of the murdered officers are lying not far off. So he sends out a party to bring them in. They are brought in, lying side by side at the bottom of a long government wagon, and covered with some ladies' dresses which had been found lying about in the road. And when they are taken out it is found that Colonel Barnes, though desperately wounded, is not dead, and Colonel Grey has him forwarded immediately in a litter to the cantonment. The bodies of the other poor fellows, of those who had passed through the gateway so shortly before, in the first flush of their youth, in the full strength of their manhood, are laid side by side, a ghastly row, in the shadow of one of the walls, and again covered over with the women's dresses. And William Hay, passing the spot shortly afterwards, is horror-stricken as he recognizes the dresses as belonging to Beatrice and Lilian Fane and their mother.

Their house has been sacked then. What has become of them?

We have now narrated the general events of the day, so far as was needful for our purpose. Henceforward we have only to follow the fortunes of those English girls, the events in whose lives during these eight momentous days were to form the thread of our narrative, and serve to give it a limit and some sort of roundness.

CHAPTER XX.

MISS LYSTER'S SECRET.

MRS. FANE and her daughters have bathed and breakfasted. They are reading quietly in the drawing-room. A profound silence reigns in the darkened apartment. No sound from the outer world penetrates into it. Lilian has allowed her book to drop into her lap; she is not musing over what she has read—she never does muse—but she is thinking that she has to give young Walton his final answer to-day. Of course she has made up her mind to refuse him; such a boy and girl engagement would be too ridiculous, too absurd. It would be the joke of the whole station. What a ludicrous, what an inferior position should she occupy in comparison with her sister and May Wynn! No, she must make an engagement such as theirs, as good as theirs; and she did not care to wait four or five years—she would be quite an old young woman by then. She wanted to enter on the dignity and delights of married life as soon as she could. It would be a triumph to marry immediately after she had come out. And, best reason of all, she did not—did not care for him—in that way. She could not at his age. She was sorry for him—he really was a very nice lad. She wished she had refused him at once.

The sisters are seated close together in order to make the most of a single ray of light allowed to enter the room. How daintily fresh and fair they look in their pretty, new-washed dresses! The old bearer now enters the room; they are too absorbed in their reading and thinking to observe his hurried, instead of his usual calm, dignified walk—the troubled look on his face in place of the usual serene, self-satisfied one. Mrs. Fane, leaning back in her chair, puts out her hand towards the silver salver, without looking up at him, and seeing that the note is in her husband's handwriting takes it up indifferently; Lucius has probably forgotten something—wants something to be sent to him. She opens it carelessly between her forefinger and thumb as she continues to lean back in her chair. Then she sits up.

“Mutinous sepoys from Abdoolapore—got into the city—may be a disturbance,” she cries in an agitated tone of voice. She is a woman of a strong, firm spirit; but this news has come on her very suddenly. Major Fane had written two missives to his wife that morning.

When he and Mr. Melvil had parted, after the first sight of the mutineers, he had written a note to the brigadier to inform him of the fact, and another to his wife informing her of it too. "Sepoy regiments at Abdoolapore have mutinied and come here; but they will not be able to get into the city, so do not let yourself be troubled," was the purport of the first one. By some misconception both the notes had been taken up to the brigadier's quarters, and so Mrs. Fane had not yet received hers. The second was as it were a continuation of the first one: "The mutineers have somehow got into the city; there may be a disturbance; you and the girls had better go over to Hay at the Jumoo Gate. Do this at once."

"Mutineers! — in the city!" cries Beatrice; and she thinks of Hay at the Jumoo Gate.

"Mutineers!" cries Lilian, merely echoing the word; she has not yet disengaged her thoughts from her own affairs.

"You had better go over to Hay Sahib at the Jumoo Gate, madam," says the old bearer. (He is the sirdar, or head bearer, as you can tell by his dignified look and bearing.)

"How do you know what is in the note?" asks Mrs. Fane, glancing up at him with surprise.

"I did not know. Is that what the Major Sahib has written — You had better go there at once?"

"Yes," says Mrs. Fane, turning to her daughters, "that is what your father has written; that we should go over to the Jumoo Gate — to William —"

"Shall I order the carriage madam?"

Then the ayah comes in with hurried but still silent footsteps, because of her naked feet; and then in an agitated voice, but still with that air of delight and satisfaction which accompanies the conveyance of disagreeable or troublesome news, especially on the part of those to whom, from their lowly station, the temporary superiority is welcome, says to her mistress, —

"The men of the *Lind-ki-pultun*" (Lind's Regiment — the 66th was so called after the officer who had raised it ninety years before) "have murdered all their officers —"

"Murdered all their officers! The men of the 66th!" cries Mrs. Fane in a tone of horror, and now rising from her seat.

"And their bodies are lying in the road near the Jumoo Gate."

"What?" cries Mrs. Fane.

"All their dead bodies are lying in the open road near the Jumoo Gate."

The girls are dumb with horror.

"*Heera Lal!*" whispers a man at the doorway. He is the sweeper, the man of lowest caste, whose touch would be pollution to any other servant in the house. He dare not raise his voice or set his foot within the room, even at such a time as this.

"What is it?" says the bearer.

"A crowd of people from the bazaar are plundering Ismith" (Smith) "Sahib's house."

Mr. Smith was a clerk in one of the offices, who lived a little way off.

"Plundering Mr. Smith's house!" exclaims Mrs. Fane.

"Tell them to get the carriage ready," cries the bearer. "Madam, you and the young ladies had better get ready at once. There is no time to be lost."

Mrs. Fane stands for a moment bewildered. It is so unexpected, so astonishing. *They* have to fly from their home, *they* of the ruling race, who have dwelt in such high security, to whose persons and property a peculiar sanctity has attached! She have to fly her house in the broad light of day! To have to fear and fly — she! It is a terrible shock to her pride. A bitter feeling of humiliation and degradation passes over her. To have to run before a mob of natives. But no time is to be allowed her for indulgence in feelings of any kind. As they pass from the drawing-room into the adjoining dining-room, in order to reach their bedrooms and get ready to go out, Mrs. Fane begins to think of what she shall do with regard to the safe custody of the house — whether she had not better take some of their valuables with them; but no time is to be allowed her for thinking either. Some servants now come rushing in and shout out: "They are coming! They are coming! They are nearing the front gate!" The time for moving quietly and speaking with bated breath, as these servants had been so specially trained to do, has gone by.

"Then they cannot get away in the carriage?" says the old bearer.

"No; the people will soon be at the gate."

"You must get out by the back way; you must go on foot, madam."

"On foot — in the sun — at this hour of the day?"

"Quick, madam, quick — get your head-gear quickly, in the name of God!"

They rush into their bedrooms and come out quickly with their hats. They push aside the side-flap of one of the heavy grass-screens or mattresses attached to the western doors of the dining-room and pass through it. They hurry across the verandah, that west verandah in which they had sat so joyfully, so securely, but a few hours before. Passing out from the cool, dark, silent house so suddenly, how terrible to their frames is the shock of the heat, how terrible to their eyes the shock of the dazzling sunshine, how terrible to their ears the shock of the shrill yelling of the crowd, how terrible this insecurity after the security, this disquiet after the quiet, of a few, only a few minutes before! They pass into the garden, the space enclosed by a brick wall, which, as is usual in the East, is orchard, flower-garden, and little park all in one. They can now move along hidden from the view of the crowd.

Getting to the far end of the garden, they pass out through a wicket into a narrow lane which runs along the compound on that side. It is on the opposite side of the compound from the Jumoo Gate, and so they must make for the latter by a roundabout way; but it cannot be helped; they could not have got into the road which led to it straight. The lane lies quiet and still, filled only with the fierce hot sunshine. But as they advance along it the sound of a tumult of some kind grows stronger and stronger in their ears—they are approaching it, or it is approaching them, or both. If it proceeds from a crowd in the lane, what are they to do? They may overtake it, must meet it. For some distance the lane runs between brick walls. But now they arrive at the extensive well-wooded grounds which surround the Government College (for native youth), and which are bounded here by a hedge. They may be able to get through this, if need be. The old bearer goes up to an opening in it and looks through. He draws back with a loud exclamation,—

"It is here," he cries, "the noise, the tumult—at the college. The seekers after knowledge" (students) "are plundering it. Look!"

Mrs. Fane goes up to the narrow gap and looks through. It is a curious sight. From the handsome front of the building—it was one of the chief educational establishments in the province—to the handsome main gateway directly facing it, extends a crowd of lads and boys and men moving off laden with the plunder of their

Alma Mater. The noise does not come from them so much as from those within the building. Having secured their plunder, those outside are only eager to get away with it as soon as they can, and do not waste their breath in much yelling or shouting. It is a curious sight, the more curious when you come to consider that a couple of hours ago these boys and lads and young men were standing in rows on naked feet, or squatted comfortably in circles on the floor, or seated uncomfortably in lines on the alien benches, in all the strict subjection of school discipline. Here are lads running away with forms; here are lads running away with valuable books from the library; here are two lads walking away with the celestial globe, and two others conveying the terrestrial one. That tall man, whose flowing, snowy-white garments show in this bright glare like the shining robes of an angel of light, is the Persian professor, who has promptly seized the occasion—being quite convinced that the English rule is over, once for all and forever—to make himself possessor of some very valuable copies of the works he was employed to teach. Mrs. Fane does not indulge in these reflections. Her only thought is that they have nothing to fear in moving down the lane. And they do move down the whole length of it—it is a very long one—without meeting a single soul. It opens into a metalled or main road, which leads to the Jumoo Gate, now no great distance off. But they have not gone a dozen yards that way when the bearer calls out that the crowd of men they can see in the distance is moving towards them; they must retrace their steps. What are they to do? If they have seen the crowd, the crowd has also, most probably, seen them; in fact, the sound of a sudden shout or yell seems to proclaim that it has. What are they to do? They must keep together; but they are as conspicuous here as a group of Orientals would be in the streets of an English city. If they turn back along the lane the crowd may not pursue them down it—it may pass on along the road; but, on the other hand, it may pursue them down it, and then they will be completely cut off from the Jumoo Gate, will be driven away from it and back again to the house. They cannot escape from the mob along the open roads, if it once sets up the chase of them. Their only chance of escape would lie in separating and going different ways; but there is a horror in the mere thought of that—more especially to the mother.

"You must get off the road as soon as you can. You had better take refuge for a little while in the house of Mrs. Lyster. It is not very far off; you can remain there until the crowd has passed by, and then make again for the Jumoo Gate. The house is a safe one," cries the old bearer.

As the reader remembers, Mrs. Lyster is the "mysterious mother" of Miss Lyster.

They hasten towards the house. The bearer's remark that it is a safe one refers to a certain peculiarity in its arrangements. The building was, as it were, a cross between the ordinary bungalow of the Europeans and the dwelling-places of the better classes of natives. The latter are built entirely with a view to privacy and safety; they consist simply of verandahs and rooms, lower and upper, surrounding a central courtyard, access to which is obtained by means of one single gateway only. The former is a thatch-roofed house, with numerous doorways, standing in the midst of grounds, the compound surrounded by a hedge or low brick wall which men would have little difficulty in getting over, just as they would have little difficulty in climbing over or bursting open the flimsy gate or gates. The enclosure of Mrs. Lyster's house was much larger than a courtyard, much smaller than a compound. The dwelling-place was built across one of the shorter sides of the parallelogram of the enclosure, and the servants' houses ran across the opposite end. Along one of the longer sides, and not far from the house, stood some store-rooms, the rest of that side consisting of a high brick wall; and the side parallel to this one was formed by a similar high brick wall, its run broken only by the gateway in the middle of it; when this gate was closed the house and enclosure were safely cut off from the outer world. In the middle of the enclosure was a flower-garden; along its edges and in front of the servants' houses were some fine large trees. When the fugitives arrive at the gate they find the servants just about to close it, and as they pass in it is closed behind them. When they reach the entrance verandah of the house, the old bearer seated there, after the usual fashion, as an English footman sits in the hall, looks at them in a very curious way; it is of course a most extraordinary thing that they should come at that hour of the day and in that manner—on foot; but there is something more in his face than that.

The standing order is "*Durwaza bund*" ("Not at home," literally, "Doors shut"), he says, and he does not know if the young lady can see them.

"Of course she will admit them under the circumstances. They cannot go away," says Mrs. Fane.

"Well, I will go and see," says the old man, still looking at them in that curious sort of way. Nor does he usher them into any cool, inner room, but leaves them standing there in the fiery, hot verandah, leaves them in fact just outside the door of the drawing-room, whose position Mrs. Fane knows, for she had made some formal visits before, and on one occasion had been admitted. (This was a year or so before; now, as the bearer said, the formula of "Not at home" was always used.) As they stand there, very hot and drenched through to the skin, but with their composure restored by the shutting of the gate, they hear the sound of music and singing in this adjoining room. They know the voice and the playing of Miss Lyster herself; she sings and plays remarkably well; but it is not she. This is a fitful, varied, broken, discontinuous kind of singing and playing; now a passage out of an opera, now a bit out of a song—"Of all the girls that I love best, is Sally in our alley!" It is a strange voice, sweet but broken. Then comes a sudden silence. Their presence is being announced. Then a sudden, shrill laugh. Then comes a sudden bustle, such as often attends the arrival of visitors at an unusual, unexpected hour—a curious, giggling laugh—the slamming of doors. They have to wait some time before the servant comes back and says that Miss Lyster will see them, and admits them into an ante-room, and then into the drawing-room. The girls, who have never been in it before, look around the apartment with startled eyes, the more so because of the poor appearance (from the outside) of the house, which they had always heard spoken of as one that would not ordinarily have been occupied by people of their own and Miss Lyster's class. Their own drawing-room is pretty; that of Mr. Melvil very splendid. But here is a rare and perfect combination of splendor and beauty. There was here none of the superficial, finicking, overloaded, bewildering prettiness of the ordinary feminine drawing-room, over-crammed with things. There was here a perfect excellence; the repose, the dignity, the combination of simplicity and splendor, due to having but a few things, each one good of its kind.

Each piece of furniture was of beautifully carved mahogany, dark with age; on the floor was a superb Persian carpet, a rare work of art; there were some splendid china vases, some of the beautiful ones Wedgwood had then begun to make; on the walls some beautiful pictures from the pencils of George Beechey and Zoffany; and over it all hung the mellowing tint of age. Had they been in a frame of mind to make any such comparisons, they would have thought how well Miss Lyster with her lofty look and carriage—graceful, refined, and faded—seems to suit the room she now enters with her smooth, gliding walk.

"I am very sorry that you should have had to wait so long in the verandah," she says, in her sweet and gentle, but sad-toned voice. "I did not hear the carriage."

"We came on foot," says Mrs. Fane.

"Come on foot! At this hour of the day! I see you do look very dusty and—and—hot" ("wet" was the word she had nearly used). "But why?"

"Have you not heard? The sepoy regiments at Abdoolapore have mutinied and come here and have got into the city, and there is a great disturbance, and the people are going about plundering the houses of the Europeans; and they have plundered the house of Mr. Smith, the man who lives not far from us, and were coming to ours, and we had to rush out from it, and we were making for the Jumoo Gate, when we saw a crowd of people—There they are!"

The sound of a great yelling and shouting penetrates into the room, even though the screens of split bamboos are all down and the doors all closed.

"I hope your gate is a strong one."

"Yes, a very strong one."

The sound has ceased; it is not renewed. Miss Lyster goes to the door leading into the verandah, and, opening it, asks one of the servants the meaning of the noise.

"A crowd of people stopped at the gate and shouted, but they have passed on."

"No, I had not heard," says Miss Lyster. This was so, because the servants whom Mrs. Fane and her daughters had found shutting the gate had only just returned from a neighboring bazaar, and having heard there what was happening, and seeing the crowd on the road, had thought it prudent to close the gate the moment they had reached it.

"If the road is now clear I think we had better go on to the Jumoo Gate at

once," says Mrs. Fane. "My husband wrote to me to go there, so as to be with William Hay. Why not you come with us too, Miss Lyster—you and your mother?"

"We could not go with you. We are quite safe here. Our gate is very strong."

"Yes, but you are here all by yourselves. The gate is not so strong but that it could be burst open by a crowd."

There is a look of trouble on Miss Lyster's quiet, if grief-worn face.

"My mother could not go."

"Why not? Is she such an invalid? Cannot she move about?"

"Oh, yes—but—"

"It is such a little way. She could go in your carriage."

"She *would* not. I hope it may not be necessary. I do not know what we should do then." She speaks with a most unwonted agitation of manner.

"Hy—eh! Hy—eh! Ho—oh!" It is impossible to express in writing the sound that once more comes through the closed doors into the room. Then comes a loud reverberation, the sound of rattling; the gate is being struck with something heavy—shaken. And then, in the midst of it, from an adjoining apartment comes into the room the sound of the same sweet cracked voice singing a merry lilt:—

Upon the sands at Margate,
As gaily we did ride,
Trab—trab—

And then some of the house servants come rushing into the room, a heavier wave of sound following them as they throw open the door—the khansaman, the majordomo, the head servant of the establishment, rushes in without his cummerbund round his waist, without his turban on his head, breaches of domestic decorum and discipline of which he would not have been guilty except under the most extraordinary circumstances—and shout out: "A great crowd of people are at the gate, and are trying to burst it in. They must burst it in. They have hammers and hatchets with them. You must hide yourselves—hide yourselves."

"They cannot hide themselves here," says the old khansaman, striving to tie together the little bits of string which answer the purpose of buttons on his long coat, which he has only just thrown on. "The evil-doers will of course burst into every room. You must come and hide in one of our houses, Miss Baba," addressing Miss Lyster.

"Oh, this is terrible!" cries Miss Lyster, wringing her hands.

Even at that moment of terrible agitation for herself — terrible because she had her two beautiful young daughters (what a bane their beauty might prove now!) by her side, and the roar of a mob of ruffians at the only gateway of the house in her ears — Mrs. Fane experiences a feeling of surprise at this great agitation so openly displayed on the part of one who was usually so calm and quiet and self-possessed, serenely self-possessed.

"My mother has not left the house for years," says Miss Lyster, turning to Mrs. Fane.

"But you said she was not an invalid. She is not bed-ridden?"

"Oh no, she is not; it is a fancy. First she used to walk about in the compound — we chose this house because when the gate is closed the compound is so private — but for the past three years she has not set foot out of the house. After my father's death she said she could not bear to look on an English face again, and for all these years she has not seen any one — not even the doctor — seen no white face but my own, spoken English only with me."

Incidents press; but it was strange to note how even at such a moment as this the past overbore the present with the poor young lady. Mrs. Fane knew that Colonel Lyster, a very popular, rising man, had been killed by a fall from his horse.

"But for the last three or four years she has had the idea — the fancy — that if she were to leave the house the sky would fall upon her. I have not been able to persuade her to go out of the house. She will not do so now."

"You know, Rumzan Khan," turning to the khansaman, an old and faithful servant of the house, "that the mem sahib will not set foot out of doors."

"If she does not set foot out of the house now, she will never set foot out of it again," says the old man. He is not taking advantage of the situation; he does not mean to be rude or to distress her; he is simply stating what he believes to be a fact — and such plain statement of facts, without regard to feelings, is common among the coarser orders all the world over, more especially in India. "He is now almost an idiot," a loving and affectionate son will say of his father, while the old man stands by in smiling acquiescence.

The bamboo screen before the door of an inner apartment is lifted, and the sub-

ject of the conversation enters the room. She looks like a walking picture, like an embodied vision of the past. Very full skirts, and very long waists, with a very long, pointed peak in front and tight sleeves, were the fashion of the day. The fashion of some fifteen years before had been the reverse of this: the waist higher up with simply a band or sash round it, sleeves full at the shoulder, skirts not hooped out, but fitting closer and flowing more freely — a style of dress very well adapted for gay and frolicking youth, mirthful, dancing girlhood, for which period of life it was now exclusively reserved. And so it was very startling to see a grey-haired old lady appear in this dress; doubly startling as not in accord with the fashion of the time, nor with her time of life. But, though strange, it was not in any way ridiculous or absurd. Beauty has an overruling power and can make any dress appropriate; and this old lady has a most beautiful face and figure. Her face has a childish beauty, her figure a girlish lightness and uprightness which fit them for the dress. She looks like a beautiful vision of the past revived. And as Miss Lyster says, "Mrs. Fane and her daughters, mamma" ("mother" was not in fashion in her infancy), the old lady shakes hands with them with the winning sweetness of manner that has descended to her daughter. But as Mrs. Fane observes the peculiar, childish, unsteady look in the eyes, the infantile smile on the lips, and then the somewhat over-elaborate toilette for the time of day, the too many bows and ribbons, the too much jewelry, the over-elaborate dressing of the hair, done in the evening fashion of a bygone time, strikes her more forcibly, and the secret of the house flashes upon her — the old lady is of weak intellect. Mrs. Fane for the next few minutes (remember how much more quickly thoughts and occurrences pass than they can be recorded) lives in an exaggerated form that dual existence which is so common to us all. Her mind is entirely occupied with the thought of the danger to her daughters, and yet it works mechanically, like a machine into which something is thrown, on this new fact: this then is the secret of the mysterious mother; this the reason for the old lady's strict seclusion; this the reason of her daughter's devoted attention; this the reason for the choice of this house with its secluded compound and high brick wall and single gateway.

And it was so. Some sort of epileptic seizure, developed or given the mastery by

the sudden shock of her husband's death, had gradually weakened Mrs. Lyster's powers. She had then come to need her daughter's constant care; she was her only child. And so it had come to pass that she had eaten up her daughter's life — everything lives by devouring something else. Those terrible cañons in western America have been cut out by the action of soft drops of water. What terrible rifts are made in our lives by the action of very small things! Kate Lyster's precious life had been worn away by a constant trickle of talk. A beauty, Mrs. Lyster still retained her love of dress; a conversationalist, she is now an incessant talker. Making her husband's death the limit of her own life, cutting herself off completely from intercourse with those about her, her talk was entirely about the bygone time. Her daughter had to listen to interminable stories about dead persons and things with an attention that must never be allowed to flag, lest her mother should reproach her with want of interest, lest she should wound and offend her, spoil her pleasure. That dead past of her mother's had eaten up her own living present. Then, as reason lost its controlling power, the poor lady began to be governed more and more by fancies. She had taken up that fancy that she would never look upon any English face except that of her daughter again, and so she would not go beyond the grounds of the house. Then she had taken up the fancy that she could not step out of doors, for fear the sky should fall on her, and so she never left the house, had not done so for the past four years. And, like all people in her condition, she was very obstinate in her fancies, was not to be reasoned with — that of course not — or persuaded out of them. Miss Lyster's great agitation at the present moment was simply due to the fact that she did not know how she should be able to get her mother out of the house.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GODOWN.

"It was very good of you to come and see us at this hour of the day," says the old lady very sweetly to Mrs. Fane; "but you must have found it terribly hot in the sun."

"Yes," says Mrs. Fane.

"But what noise is that in the road, Kitty dear?" goes on the old lady, turning to her daughter. "People screaming and shouting. It is not the Holey

time." (The Holey is the Hindoo saturnalia.)

"Oh, no," says Miss Lyster.

"Do you remember, Kate, how fond you used to be when a little girl, before you went to England with your aunt Maria — poor Maria! that was the last time I saw her — it was at Allahabad — when she came out again she went to Banda, and died there of fever — of getting those funny sugar sweetmeats, horses and dogs, and elephants, and the parched rice, and having an illumination of your own at the Holey time? And how the native officers used to come and throw the red powder over your father —"

And then she comes to a dead stop; any allusion to her husband makes her pause.

"My dear mamma, the noise you hear," says her daughter quickly, "is that of some people who are trying to break open the gate. There is a disturbance in the city. The people are going about doing mischief. If they can get in and find us here, they will abuse us and call us names — and may hurt us, may hurt you — may laugh at you." Her saying that showed how agitated she was.

"They have come to rob the house?"

"Yes — yes — and —"

"I had to run out of our house once because of robbers — it was at Ajmere. You would not remember *that*, Kate, because it was the year you were born. I had to run away with you in my arms — in the middle of the night. Ajmere was a terrible place for dacoits. They used to come on their camels and rob a house and then disappear — take the things away on their camels. They used often to kill people. They broke into a seth's (banker's) house there, and because they could not get the gold bangle off a poor little child's wrist they cut its hand off. It happened when we were there. And one night when I was all alone in the house the ayah rushed in and said the dacoits were outside the gate on their camels; and I had my rings on, and I snatched you up, and we rushed out of the house at the back and went and hid ourselves in a field. And they robbed the house, took away all our silver and my watch and chain and your father's guns, for which he was more sorry than for anything else. He was not there, he was away at Nuseerabad — and that was how I was alone in the house."

"And we must get out of the house and hide ourselves now as you did then."

"But you know I cannot go out of the

house now, Kate." And then her face, whose smiling placidity had seemed to them so strange in the midst of their agitation and trouble, begins to work.

"We must, dear; it is only a step to the outhouses. We can run across in a second. It is not as if we were going to remain out in the open. It is only from one roof to another."

"It does not matter if it is only for the hundredth part of a second," says the poor old lady, the walking image of a past time, her face beginning to work still more. "If I only put my head out of doors, the ——" (she checks herself as she glances at Mrs. Fane) "you know what will happen."

It may safely be said that Mrs. Fane now takes a much deeper interest in the poor old lady's illness than she had done before.

"Only to the godown, dear."

The godown, or store-room, stood only a few yards from the house, along the side of the compound facing the gateway.

"It is only a step—a hop, skip, and a jump."

"I cannot go out of the house! I cannot go out of the house!" the poor old lady now begins almost to scream.

"For my sake, dear," says the daughter pleadingly.

"I cannot! I cannot!" says the mother, still more vehemently.

"You must come, dear, because Mrs. Fane and her daughters are here. You would not have anything happen to them in our house?"

"Of course not, my dear; most certainly not. You go with them, Kate; I can remain in the house by myself."

"How can you? They will injure you—hurt you—annoy you."

Mrs. Fane does not view the old lady's weakness with the same tenderness that her daughter does. She thinks that she could overcome it if she would only try—"make an effort," that effort which is so much easier to recommend than make, which seems so easy in the case of others, so difficult in our own. At all events, this is not the time for gentle dealing.

"Do you not see, madam, that by giving way to this foolish fancy of yours—how can the heavens fall?—you may cause us to lose our lives; that by this delay you are exposing your daughter, my daughters, to the most frightful risk?"

She speaks in a stern tone of voice. At the mere sound of it the poor afflicted lady had shrunk back a little.

"Oh, you must not speak harshly to

her," says her daughter to Mrs. Fane, in a low, quick whisper. "She must not be thwarted; it may bring on a fit."

She was quoting. How many years ago was it that the doctor had said, "She must not be thwarted; it may bring on a fit"? In the interval between lay the vanished and sacrificed prime of her life. A few words which we can so easily utter may represent the misery of years in the life of another. Mrs. Fane hears the words with an angry impatience. But to Miss Lyster they represent the haunting horror of years; this has been the terror that has weighed upon her for years, that her mother should have a sudden seizure, brought on perhaps by some unavoidable opposition to her wishes, her whims and fancies, and should die in it.

"It is for your own sakes that I cannot go out with you," says the old lady, replying to Mrs. Fane.

"For our own sakes?" says Mrs. Fane impatiently.

"Yes, for your own sakes. You don't know it, but if I were to go out of doors with you the sky would fall, and then we should all be killed. I do not want you to be killed. It would be my doing—it would be murder."

Mrs. Fane feels as if she were distracted. What is to be done? They cannot leave Mrs. Lyster in the house by herself, and it appears as if they shall not be able to get her out of it. And the crowd may soon be surging up to the house. It is maddening, thinks Mrs. Fane as she glances at her daughters.

The description of Mrs. Lyster's appearance and condition, which was necessary, or seemed necessary, has caused her entrance into the room to seem far back. But between it and the present moment but a brief interval has elapsed, and yet even in that brief interval the noise of the shouting has increased.

"Another crowd has come and joined the other one," said one servant, an eager-eyed young fellow, to whom all this seems like a play or spectacle, who had just come in from without, to the fellow-servant by whose side he had placed himself.

And now there comes a sudden crash, and the character of the noise has changed; the shrill yelling and howling of the crowd is accompanied by a heavy thud, as the continuous rattle of musketry may be accompanied by the discharge of a heavy gun, with its deeper roar, in slower sequence.

"They have brought a beam," says the same young fellow, who has run out and

run in again, eagerly to Ruheem Buksh, the old khansaman, by whose side he has now placed himself. "They will soon break the gate in now." He wonders what will happen then.

"You must not remain here talking any longer," says the old man to Miss Lyster; "you must get into hiding at once."

"I cannot persuade the 'big lady' " — meaning her mother — "to leave the house."

"Then she must be made to," says the old man. "You catch her left arm, Tulsi" (to the young servant), and, stepping forward, he seizes the old lady by the right arm, and the two men run her out of the room and across the verandah, and then across the few yards of the open to the door of the godown, and put her in — the others, her daughter and Mrs. Fane and her daughters rush in close behind her. Mrs. Lyster was as it were hurried off her legs. She had been run across the open, had passed from under the inimical sky to under the friendly roof before she had even time to scream. She was so slight and slender that they had no difficulty in hurrying her along; her weight afforded no impediment. But, over and above all this, the extraordinary circumstance of their daring to touch her, to lay their hands, their black hands, upon her, had paralyzed her. She was so overpowered for the moment that she passed beneath the open sky without her hallucination having had time to act upon her; otherwise it might have endowed her with that terrible epileptic strength against which the two men would not have been able to cope.

The godown was a long, narrow, earthen-floored room. It had one window in the end looking towards the house, to which there were no shutters, only wooden bars across it, and one doorway, the one they had gone in by, the door of which was wanting, probably for the reason that nothing of any value had been kept in the place for a long time back; there were now in it only some old deal cases and some bundles of firewood.

The old servant who has accompanied Mrs. Fane looks at this open doorway with a troubled face.

"They are not safe in there," he says to Mrs. Lyster's old khansaman.

"They can hide themselves in the far corner behind the firewood; it is dark there. And if any one comes up to the doorway he will see at once that there is no need for him to go in, that there is nothing there for him to take."

"They may go rummaging about the place — and those white dresses are so easily seen; and there are five of them. It would be better to get the ladies down to the farther offices."

"We could not get my mistress there — never. The demon would get hold of her, work within her, and she would fall on the ground and roll about and tear herself, and we should not be able to move her."

In India almost every disease is still held due to some malign, supernatural agency; men are there still possessed of devils.

"Otherwise it would have been an excellent thing to have got them down to my house. They would have been quite safe within it. My wife is a *purda nashin*" (sitter behind the curtain).

In England we are apt to have only one idea in reference to this sitting-behind-the-veil, this "zenana system" of the East — that it is a cruel tyranny, a horrid confinement, inflicted on the women by the men. We are not aware that the women themselves have a great pride and pleasure in it, regard it as an honor and a distinction, a mark of social position, of separation from the common herd, of delicacy and refinement, of ladyhood. Great as the difference between the two may seem, there is no doubt that the taking the veil in the Catholic Church was derived from this domestic custom of the East — from the taking of the veil, the sitting behind the curtain, of the girls of the better class when they had passed out of childhood and arrived at their early womanhood; in both cases the veil is the symbol of superior purity, of segregation. To become *purda nashin* is an object of ambition, of choice. When a man has risen in the world his wife will set up her purdah, as with us in a similar case she would set up her carriage. When Ruheem Buksh had been only a poor khidmutgar, his first wife, having to do all the marketing and perform all the domestic duties, had used the veil only to the same extent as the wife of any other servant in the compound; but now that he was a khansaman, a man of means, and could keep a little servant-girl, his second young wife was a *purda nashin*; a peculiar sanctity now attaches to her person and her chamber — that was now sacred ground, safe from all intrusion; no man dare set foot in it. That was why the old khansaman said that the ladies would be quite safe if they could only enter it.

Then a bright idea comes into Mrs. Fane's servant's head: "Why not pre-

tend that this is your house—that the people of your household” (it would have been held indelicate for him to say “your wife”) “are within—why not hang up a curtain to this door?”

“Good—well thought of! It shall be done.” And the old man hurries away, and then soon comes back again in company of another servant who helps him to carry a charpoy, one of the common, rude, light bedsteads, on which he has thrown a purdah or curtain. The curtain is soon hung up before the doorway and the bedstead placed across it, and the two old men—the old khansaman and Mrs. Fane’s bearer—place themselves upon it.

In the mean time the stout gate still continues to resist the pushing and hammering brought to bear upon it. It is creaking and bending, and some of the planks have started, and the central chain has given way; but the bolt at the bottom, a thick iron rod dropping into a socket in a slab of stone, still holds good and prevents the gate from being thrust open.

“We shall not be able to effect an entrance in this way for hours,” cries a man in the crowd, impatient for the plunder. “Hoist me up to the top of the wall, and I will drop down on the inside and draw up that incestuous bottom bolt.”

So said, so done.

“Keep back from the gate until I open it for you,” the man had said before being hoisted on to the wall. “If you keep pushing at it you will knock me down.”

There is a sudden silence, all the deeper because of the preceding din and clamor—because of the preceding rattling and crashing, and resonance and reverberation. The fast-beating hearts of the English women, cowering down in the dust behind the brushwood in that far-distant, stifling corner, now stand still. What may this silence forbode? Can the crowd have moved away? Have some guardians of law and order appeared upon the scene? That hope is soon extinguished. The gate has been pushed open and the crowd heaves into the enclosure with a sudden terrible yell. The hearts of the English women contract with a sickening spasm. The pressure from behind carries the foremost men of the crowd right up to their hiding-place, which, as has been said, stands directly facing the gateway. But soon the crowd is moving across the enclosure in the form of a quadrant, one end of which rests on the gateway and the other on the front of the house, which stands at right angles to the wall in which the gateway is situated. This stream soon swells and

widens and loses its form; the crowd has passed in at the gateway, and the space in front of the house is inundated with human beings. And now there is a hideous commingling of sounds, of the shouting of men and the shrill yelling of women and boys, of shrieks and calls and cries, of fierce oburgation and contention, of the upsetting and breaking of furniture, the smashing of crockery and glass. These are awful moments to those in hiding in the godown. They are moments of agony, like those of one struggling in the water for his life and having the noise of the breakers in his ears. When they had first settled themselves down in that stifling corner they had thought of the terrible heat—it had been like stepping into a fiery furnace. But now, when the awful clamor, the sound of the rushing feet, the shouting just without that open doorway, guarded only by a curtain, close outside the shutterless window, informs them that the place is in possession of the mob, they lose all consciousness of anything else in an overpowering rush of fear; for some moments they have lost their senses in a swoon of terror—all but Mrs. Lyster.

“My dear Kate, I am very glad that we got in here from under the sky; but why should we sit in this corner? You know there is always danger of snakes in these corners. You ought not even to put your hand into a corner; it is always dangerous. When we were at Dinapore we had such a nice young lad as under-bearer, and he went into a godown like this one to get something, and it was lying in a corner, I suppose like this one, behind some boxes, and instead of moving the boxes away first, as he should have done, he put his hand down behind them, and a cobra bit him on the finger and he was dead in a few hours, poor boy,” says the old lady.

But the moments, the first terrible moments have gone by, and no one has entered their place of refuge; it is evident that the attention of the people is concentrated on the house. It is the first shock of danger or misfortune that overpowers; then the lost senses come back, the mind recovers its power of action. It is the first entry on a novel situation that confuses; then comes the sense of familiarity—and it is curious how soon the sense of familiarity may arise even in circumstances of very great danger. But, apart from this, Mrs. Fane has blue blood in her veins—comes of a proud, spirited race, with whom the way of the lion and not the way of the ostrich was the way of meeting danger. They were courageous without

thinking, but they also held that cowardice was not only shameful but foolish; that courage was wisdom, best conducted to your own safety; the path of honor was the path of safety; the coward only provoked and invited the danger he wished to avoid — his legs lost the power of running away; never give in; fight it out; keep the seeing eye, the steady heart, the thinking head, the striking arm to the very last. This danger weighs on her so terribly because of her daughters. But this crouching down is irksome to her proud spirit. She must see what is going on. So she steps from the corner and walks to the barred window at the end of the room. She places herself on one side of it. The hanging up of the curtain to the doorway has had the additional advantage of making it very dark in the room — any one standing out in the dazzling sunshine at some distance from the window could not see anything through it.

It is a strange and terrible sight. The bamboo screens have been torn down from the front of the verandah, from the many outer doorways, and the doors so jealously closed to keep out the heat have all been thrown wide open; the curtained, closed, homelike, secure look of the place is gone; it looks unclothed, its sanctity fled; it is being profaned, violated; rude feet intrude into what a few moments before was a sanctuary. An Indian home, with its numerous doorways and rooms opening into one another, lends itself to plunder, to the speedy removal of all that is in it. And as the crowd of marauders swarm upon the house as thickly as a flight of locusts upon a tree, so do they clear it as quickly and completely as the locusts clear the tree of its foliage and leave the branches bare. The people, the men and women, and the boys and girls, and the little children, are making away as fast as they can with what they have been able to get hold of. Most of the men have only their caps or turbans on their heads, their loin-cloths round their loins; how their dark bodies glisten with the abundant moisture! Right opposite to the window are the two doorways leading into the drawing-room, whose rarely valuable and artistic adornment had so taken Beatrice and Lilian Fane by surprise a few, fifteen or twenty, minutes ago — and from these Mrs. Fane sees the three-quarter naked men, the women whose thrown-back sheets give to view the whole expanse between the top line of the petticoat and the bottom line of the bodice

— they are within fifteen yards of her — pour forth with its beautiful contents in their dirty, naked arms. Costly vases are being carried away in grimy hands that have probably never held anything but an earthen pipkin before. A boy is dragging away through the dust a valuable carpet that he cannot carry. Beautiful shawls are clasped under reeking armpits. There is the sound of destruction within the apartment; a picture comes skimming out of one of the doorways and lies there in the dust.

Mrs. Fane can see the dark, excited faces. It is strange to have them so near her. She notes, with a feeling of satisfaction, how intent the crowd is upon its work. It seems to have no thought of any other part of the premises than the dwelling-place — and the gateway. No one approaches the godown; no one seems even to look towards it. There is of course a great deal in the house which the plunderers cannot or do not care to carry away — difference of habit rendering them of no use to themselves and their fellow-countrymen — especially at such a moment as this. To-morrow the place will be completely cleared out. To-morrow the furniture-makers and furniture-dealers will come and remove the tables, and sofas, and such like things to their workshops and warehouses. To-morrow no man will be afraid to have an English article, such as an easy-chair, standing conspicuous in front of his miserable little hut. But just now the object is to get possession of the things that can be easily carried away and easily concealed — to get hold of them as quickly as possible, and get away with them as quickly as possible. Mrs. Fane notes, again with satisfaction, how fast the crowd is thinning. Soon there are but a few people left about the house. Then Mrs. Fane gives a start. A horseman dashes in at the open gateway and pulls up his foaming steed close in front of the godown. She knows that French-grey uniform very well. He waves his bloody sword in the air and shouts out: "Where are those Christian dogs? Bring them out that I may slay them."

"There are none here," says the old khansaman seated on the bedstead in front of the doorway.

"Where have they gone to?"

"To the Jumoo Gate."

"Then I may find them on the road," and the young fellow turns his horse round and dashes away again.

"What!" says a man from a neighboring bazaar who knows the premises well,

to the old khansaman — "what! have you made this godown your home?"

"Yes," replies the old man quietly.

"Since when?" says the fellow, glancing suspiciously at the curtain.

"Oh, since a few days ago."

"A few days ago! I was here yesterday evening, and you were in the old place then."

"You mind your own business, and look out for yourself, you thieving scoundrel, for here are some of the Grenadiers from the cantonment."

And it was even so. A corporal's guard of the Grenadiers is at this moment marching in through the gateway.

"You have come to take the ladies away?" cries the old man, jumping up and running towards them.

"Yes," says the corporal in charge.

"God be praised!" cries the old man; and, running back, he pushes aside the curtain and calls to those within.

"Come out! come out! A guard of sepoy's has come to take you away."

Mrs. Fane's heart gives a leap of joy that is almost painful. She and her daughters are soon at the door. The heat and the glare without are terrible. But they step out into them with a feeling of delight. The open air which they would have so dreaded yesterday is most welcome to them now. They have escaped from the gin, the net; they have come out of the jaws of death.

"But you *must* come out, madam," the old khansaman is heard exclaiming pleadingly. "You cannot remain here forever."

"I *must* remain here forever now," replies the old lady. "I must remain here now until I die."

"The house has been plundered, mother, and we must go away from it for a time, dear; and we have no time to lose. Come out, dear!" her daughter is heard exclaiming coaxingly.

"But I cannot."

"If you remain I must remain with you, and we shall both be killed."

"Perhaps not. But if I were to step out to you now" — she was standing just within the doorway and her daughter and the khansaman just without — "we should both most certainly be killed. I could not do it."

"This is very strange," says the corporal of the guard, who has stepped up to the doorway. "Are not you, madam" — addressing Mrs. Lyster — "the wife of the colonel sahib who commanded the 31st regiment, the *Gillis ki pultun* (Gillies' regiment)?"

"Yes," says Mrs. Lyster, starting and trembling.

"You remember the Soubahdar Bhowanny Singh?"

"Of course — of course"

"I am his son. I was first in the same regiment, though I am now in the Grenadiers. My name is Heera Lall. I used to go with the Soubahdar Bhowanny Singh, my father, very often to your house, and the colonel sahib and yourself showed me great kindness and favor."

The Soubahdar Bhowanny Singh! My poor husband liked him very much — and you are his son?" and she steps out and looks at him and bursts into tears.

"I have been sent to bring you to the Jumoo Gate. We must not delay. Strange, most strange, that I should be the means of saving your life — that it should be so written in the book of fate! It is in return for your kindness to me."

The party moves off, the afflicted old lady prattling away to the naik. This present present is very present to the others, the dead and gone past more present to her. As they move away Miss Lyster glances towards the house. She should like to run in and bring away those bundles of letters which hold the only memorial of the lost looks and words of love — of that precious love which had to be sacrificed on the altar of filial piety. But after all they are safe enough where they are. They are not likely to be carried away. They are more precious than gems to her, but to no one else. And the wave of destruction has passed; the burst of lawlessness is over. The arrival of these sepoy's shows that peace and order are about to resume their sway. They will be back in the house in the evening.

The road to the Jumoo Gate now lies safe and open. The news of the arrival of the Grenadiers has had its effect. The five Englishwomen have soon reached the gate. They pass in through the wicket. Their hearts jump for joy. Sweet is security, delightful the sense of escape from danger. How rapturous the feel of the firm land after that of the unsustaining, engulfing water! William Hay runs forward to meet them. Imagine the rapture of that meeting. He clasps Beatrice by the hand; how fervent his "Thank God!" Lillian's youthful spirits recover themselves with a bound. She feels inclined to skip and laugh. Her bright blue eyes go roving around. They come to a stand on some ladies' dresses lying there on the ground. What! surely she knows the pattern? Yes — they are her sister's and

her own; there are no others like them in the station — they were a novelty even in England. Beatrice and William Hay and her mother are entirely occupied with one another. Mrs. Fane has some eager questions to ask. She, Lilian, will bring up one of the dresses and surprise Beatrice. She moves towards them quietly and unperceived — they are not very far off. She lifts one up. She stands there holding it in her hand, transfixed, horror-stricken. She has uncovered the bodies of young Walton and young Hill, lying there so terribly close together, lying there side by side in the deep, sound sleep of death, as they had lain side by side that morning in the deep, sound sleep of youthfulness and perfect health — chums still. She is gazing down on the face, the ghastly face, of her poor boy-lover — the rigid face she had always seen so animated, so full of mirth and gaiety; her horrified eyes are riveted on those fixed, wide-open, upturned, glazed, unlooking eyes which she had last seen so full of boyish tenderness, so full of pleading, of a boyish gravity that would have seemed so ludicrous to an older looker-on; there is nothing ludicrous in them now. And then she throws the dress back with a shriek. Then William Hay, seeing what has happened, hurries to the spot, and quickly readjusting the dress — how the poor, fond, dead boy would have trembled at the touch of it a few hours before (strange that it should come to form his winding sheet)! — takes Lilian by the arm and leads her trembling and sobbing away, hurries them all away from the spot, and conducts them up to his quarters.

From The Nineteenth Century.

SHUT UP IN THE AFRICAN FOREST.

IF you take a straight line between Yambuya on the Aruimi, and Kavallis on the Albert Nyanza, divide that line into five portions and measure off four of these from the Yambuya end, you will have arrived at the approximate locality of Fort Bodo.

The objects of this fort or station, in connection with the Emin Pasha relief expedition, are probably well known to most of those who will read this article. It will, I think, suffice it to say that every conceivable art known to white man or black, that could be adapted to the circumstances, was employed in making it as strong as it could be.

The position of our home of eight months was long. 29° 27' E., lat. 1° 20' N.; its height thirty-five hundred feet above the sea.

The native name of the village and surrounding district is Iburi. But to arrive at the names of the numerous tribes around us would seem a hopeless job. Each collection of villages in this part of the forest belongs to a sultan or chief, whose rule is despotic. In the course of one good day's march you will find two different languages. Thus, if you were to start on a Monday morning from a certain place whose people spoke a certain language, you would camp that night perhaps at a village whose people could barely talk intelligibly with those you had left in the morning, and on Tuesday evening you would find yourself amongst others to whom the language of Monday morning meant nothing. The people of each of these central villages called themselves tribes. The nearest term for the people who originally resided at or near the fort would be Wasongora.

On the 26th of April, 1888, I found myself back in Fort Bodo, wearied and worn down to a skeleton with the march through the forest to and from Ugarrowas station, two hundred and twenty miles west of the fort. It was on the 22nd of December, just eight months later, that we set fire to and destroyed our home in the forest.

To make this little account of our experiences of life in this fort in the forest intelligible, some description of its internal structure must be given.

The general form of the fort was as that of a tortoise, so placed as to command the ground on every side. Two high towers at the north-west and south-east corners or angles gave extra command, and enabled sentries to look down upon the standing crops of corn, etc., on all sides. Two other towers, with platforms eleven feet high, gave flank defence to the north and south faces. Whatever dead ground there might be was rendered useless to an attacking party by means of stakes, etc., cunningly concealed after the fashion of the natives of the country to the west of us.

We had inside the boma, or stockade, four large clay houses as quarters for the Europeans; cook-houses, granaries, a magazine and storehouse, and one house for our head man (a black). The two granaries together had a capacity of eleven tons, and were raised twelve feet off the ground, to secure them from rats and other thieves.

A circle of two hundred and eighty yards radius, described with the flagstaff of the fort as centre, would just about cut the edge of the forest on all sides. Thus we had a clearing of about eleven acres with the fort as centre, situated in the depths of this enormous forest. To the east lay the nearest open country, five good hard marches.

To the west, forest down to the banks of the Congo, six hundred and thirty miles distant.

To the south, forest for three months' march; and to the north I doubt if any one can tell its limit—at least two hundred miles.

Try then to realize our position. It seemed to us as if we were in a different world from that in which we had lived most of our lives.

There was nothing in common with our existence and that of people in other parts of the world, except, perhaps, our own natures. Every single article of food that we ate was to be planted, reaped, and gathered within five hundred yards of our houses—fuel, water, clay and leaves for houses, poles, ropes, everything necessary for our daily life was found in the same small circle.

Waiting for your dinner at home is not, I think, generally considered a lively pastime; but to plant your crops, weed them, reap and gather them, and not till then get your dinner is decidedly unpleasant. It is calculated though to give you an appetite for your dinner when it does come.

Luckily for us there were the native banana plantations in the immediate vicinity of the fort to draw on, and our diet for some time consisted of this excellent fruit (*vide* reports of travellers). Our ideas on the subject of bananas were that, when nothing else could be got, they were good eating; but that after several months of bananas roasted, fried, baked, raw, stewed, and worked up into puddings, it was quite time to cry "Enough!"

The strength and composition of our little garrison was as follows:—

Europeans	from 2 to 3
Zanzibaris	from 50 to 60
Soudanese	from 3 to 5
Madis	5
Natives from various parts of the forest	from 15 to 30
Total	70 to 103

At times when the main column passed through, the numbers would be swelled by some hundreds, and one could count

no less than twenty-two different languages.

Ki-Suahili, the language of the East Coast of Africa, was the general language, and by this time every one had become proficient in it. The three Europeans were Nelson, Parke, and myself. We had on an average for the eight months a force of forty-eight rifles to defend the fort from attacks. In addition to this was our Maxim gun always ready, but fortunately never used. The work of planting, building, keeping up the parapets and stockades, grinding flour, sentry duties, and the active defensive, had to be done by this little force. Any person who has been in a somewhat similar position will fully understand what this means.

For the last six months of occupation not a single friendly word was exchanged with an outsider. We were a little world in ourselves, and preferred to remain enemies with the Wasangora to a treacherous friendship, to result perhaps in the capture of our stronghold and the extermination of our garrison. Those natives that were caught in skirmishes were led at once to the guard-house, and there examined. After getting out of them all we could, they were cautioned, arms confiscated, threatened with punishment if caught again, and released, being chased into the bush by men armed with switches. They were not allowed to see our numbers, or the inside of the fort. To none did we give presents.

The best method of getting an insight to our daily life will perhaps be to give extracts from my journals:—

Saturday, April 28th. N. has had bad fever all day; temperature up to 106° this afternoon.

The old heron (Katonga), which was left a prisoner when I left for below, has disappeared. Some say he heard his comrades calling near the stream and went off to join them. Most probably he was eaten by a Zanzibari.

It will be a very strange life this. Here we are cooped up in our own little surroundings, with our trials and cares to grin at and bear as elsewhere. An army corps might be within twenty miles of us and we should not know it. There is now not a bite of European food in the place; even tea is a thing of bygone days. To work hard and wait patiently for things to develop is all we can do. On all sides are the Wasangora, who sneak into our plantations and play havoc with our food-supplies. We are constantly exchanging shots with them, but I do not think a

friendship with them advisable; they are too cunning. Herds of elephants seem to hover around us too. They are extremely partial to banana stalks. In four months after the Manyema drive natives away from their villages there is not a single banana-plant standing. Elephants complete the work of the slave-raiders.

We are about the toughest-looking crowd I ever saw. Our boots are of local make and smell horribly; every article of dress seems to require chronic patching; needles are scarce articles, the Manyema having begged, borrowed, or stolen most of these necessities. Candles and soap are unknown, and ink is becoming scarce. I possess *one* small lead pencil when the ink gives out.

Monday, 30th. Men out cutting poles and materials for new houses; others working up clay. The new granary should hold six tons of corn, so that with the old one we shall be able to store about eleven tons. The beans are a failure, owing to insects, though planted in three different spots.

Natives getting bold; sent out Rugga-Rugga (literally raiders, but in this case patrol), saw the natives, who decamped, leaving their baskets. A favorite amusement of these people now seems to lie in placing sharp-pointed stakes freshly covered with poison on the paths through the bananas. It takes a sharp eye to see them.

Tuesday. Claying up my new house. N. has a quarter of an acre of healthy-looking tobacco-plants (native seed) doing well. Huts in this country must have steep pitches to the roofs; we have no grass, so have to use leaves. After a week's hard work on a roof it is riling to see the way the wind lifts the whole thing off and deposits it half-way across the square.

May 9th. State of garrison, sixty; men with rifles, fifty-nine. Set out another quarter of an acre of picked tobacco-plants; started squad of fifteen with bill-hooks on hillside near the creek at clearing scrub.

Sunday 13th. Killed the big white goat; first day of Ramadan, no books to read. (Mr. Stanley afterwards left his books here, two months later, and the enjoyment we got out of them may perhaps be understood.)

I pass on now over the first two months when the column came through from the Nyanza, and left on the sixteenth for Yambuya. Our duties were now increased by the addition of many sick men suffer-

ing from ulcers, etc., and food became more scarce, owing to frequent tornadoes which destroyed our crops.

In the mean time we had made salt, beer, and banana jam, to add to our comforts. The supply of ripe bananas procurable having given out by the end of July, we had to "write off" the beer and jam from our diet-list.

We have some amusing characters among us, though perhaps sometimes the amusement afforded by them is not always intentional on their part. Mufta Sarmini, having been sent into the bush with some men to cut poles, climbed a tree to get at a nice dry limb of firewood some distance up from the ground. He got at last half-way out towards the end of the limb, and commenced chopping the limb on the inside, or the side nearest the trunk, he sitting outside; when he had nearly finished cutting through the wood the limb he was sitting on broke off, and limb, billhook, and man came all of a heap to the ground. He decided ever after this to cut outside when sitting on a limb. For many days the mention of this was the signal for roars of laughter from the men.

My supply of ink is nearly finished; I have added water so many times that it now resembles picnic lemonade in strength. I will try the Arab plan of making some more from burnt husks of rice.

One often forgets that on every side of us are our enemies, and that we are liable to attack at any moment; of course, when our men meet the Wasongora in the bush, it is bullets *versus* arrows and spears. There are now no inhabited villages within fifteen miles of the camp, but bands of natives constantly come in and raid our *shambas* (plantations); we generally track them and have a scrimmage next day, just to show them we are not asleep.

Tracking is a science; some have a natural quickness and aptitude for it; others are of no use at all at it. The keen way, for instance, in which Farag Ala can follow up a native track is wonderful; the slightest sign is noticed by him. The only other art that resembles tracking is "finding your way about in the bush." A clever bush native near his own home, acting as your guide, no matter how much you may have twisted and turned, or gone up hill and down dale, when asked where camp is, will instantly say "There," and point out the direction. He knows where his home is, just as the wild bee does; he has mentally and instinctively been carrying on a "traverse," carefully noticing the

angles of deflection and the distance travelled over; this he has plotted in his mind, and when asked where he is, he reads the map he has made on his brain, and lets you know the result. It is fatal to interrupt a tracker by unnecessary speaking. If doubts are cast as to the skill of the leading man, and he feels that he is not trusted, most probably confusion will follow.

With the seeds P. has brought back from Emin Pasha, we should be able to do something; there are peas, onions, balmias, and two or three others which as yet we fail to recognize.

June 19th. At work on garden and N.'s house, men getting leaves from the forest for the roof of latter all day. Our garden has now assumed quite a respectable shape; we have four large, raised beds, and the whole is secured with a strong fence. Our ideas of planting the different seeds disagree considerably; all we know about it has been gained in early life. We planted the onion seeds in different "styles" as experiments; as for the peas, there are so few that this first crop is planted to get seed for another; we shall not eat any of the first at all (we afterwards found it took forty-three days to get peas developed sufficiently to eat).

Stanley's dog Randy died in the night; he absolutely refused food; it was pitiful to see the way he tried to follow the column.

Sunday, 24th. Sunday is always a trying sort of day here; we do no work, and as a result, it is a plot-breeding day among the men. Sentry duty is the only necessary one that is performed; strangely enough, the natives seemed to find this out, and generally chose Sunday evenings for their excursions amongst our crops.

Our calf (from the Nyanza) got into the beans this morning; it took some time to get him out, and we discovered he had been feasting on the bean-tops for some hours, and had wrecked our melon patch. If I had possessed a rifle ready loaded, I feel sure he would have been made into veal on the spot.

We had some time after this two donkeys, which had been presented by Emin to Stanley. They at first did very well, but after two months at the fort, began to pine and get thinner every day; these donkeys caused us more trouble and anxiety than any dozen natives. Though we told off men to look after them, and built a yard, and tied them up, somehow or other they would break loose and sail wildly through our fences into the melon patches,

wrecking and crushing everything in their way. All hands would then turn out to catch them; they generally managed, though, to destroy considerable portions of our valuable crops, before getting them in. We spent two whole days once, in making a yard for these beauties, and the first night we put them into it, they ate the vines off, and kicked away the whole concern. This and poor food gradually took it out of them though, and at last one day, amidst cheers, I told the men to slaughter and eat them; we all had a share in the feast, but it was rather difficult to get rid of the thought of their red skin and generally fly-eaten appearance, even when they were made into stews. This was our last meat for one hundred and thirty-five days; after this, neither N., P., nor I had a chance to get anything in the shape of flesh between our teeth, and not till we moved forward towards the Albert Nyanza did we once more revel in goats and fowls.

July 1st. My birthday; perhaps the next one will be in England; I hope so. Killed the calf to-day, poor thing; she had been sadly on the wane, so to "save her life" we cut her throat. Another day, and she would have died naturally. She had a strange fashion of going to the creek for water, and then falling down; several times we found her lying in the water, and had to beat her away with sticks. I think it was pleurisy that was the matter, but the meat was good.

Fevers had been playing the mischief with us; fever is a subject of endless conversation to those who have it; it is our "shop."

Medical books are greatly at fault, I think, when they say that people (white), suffering from fever in tropical countries, should abstain from eating much meat. To prevent violent fevers and consequent feebleness, keep up your system by meats. With vegetable food no white man, doing hard work day after day, can keep up his system, unless it be perhaps a vegetarian from childhood. He who keeps up his strength can stand the burning away consequent on fever. He who eats cereals only, loses simply pounds in weight with each attack. We always noticed that the greater our strength the less fever we had; our systems could throw off the malaria better. Fifteen days of bad food meant with us a fever. Once get rid of this, and built up, you stand a chance for another lease of life. White men, used to beef all their lives, cannot suddenly give up even a portion of that nourishing article, because they come to Africa or another

such country, especially when they march eight miles per day for twenty days or so.

Tuesday, 3rd. We had another exciting time of it last night; about 8 P.M. the ants came in millions (we had these invasions usually once a fortnight).

Silently, deadly, and irresistibly move these battalions; out of the forest, down, into, across, and up the ditch, through the boma (wood stockade), across the square, and into every nook and cranny conceivable they swarmed. The first notice (they generally came at night) would be a loud yell from some of the men. "Look out! — *siafu!*" * There would be no more sleep that night. After experience gained, we found it the best plan to clear out of our houses, rush into the square, and build rings of fire round our persons. To put on one's clothes was to get bitten by dozens all over one's body, unless they had been first thoroughly smoked over a fire. Every now and then yells and curses told how a lazy one had got caught in his bunk. The sides of the huts, the roofs and floor, were simply one seething mass of struggling ants. They were after the cockroaches, mice, and insects that had taken up their abode in the roofs. Now and then squeaks of young mice told their story. As fast as the ants found their load (generally a cockroach) they would make off down the hill in long lines. Luckily they never touched our granaries; they seemed to prefer animal food. Towards morning there would only be a few thousand lost ones, aimlessly tearing about, apparently looking for the main body which had just decamped.

Usually these raids on us were made after a rain storm; many of them came into the fort already staggering under loads; these appeared to wander about till the others were ready.

Next day not a cockroach could be found in the place, so that the ants did us a service in ridding us of these pests. The rats had decamped also, and did not return for some days.

We have seen outside the fort armies of red ants two and a half days long — *i.e.*, they would take two and a half days passing a given spot. During the day the march would be incessant, every one marching at his very best; towards night they would huddle up in a seething mass, and if disturbed scatter in all directions.

The width of the stream of ants would be about two inches generally. On the

flanks of this were the soldiers, fully twice the length of the workers. On our approach these big chaps would run out and up our legs like lightning. No birds, but of one sort, seemed to trouble them; these were little fellows about as big as sparrows and of a dull grey color.

6th. P. weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds, N. weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, S. weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds, Abedi weighs one hundred and ten pounds, Mafta weighs ninety-five pounds.

Abedi has grown like a lion of late; his clothes are a sight to behold; I fancy his present appearance in a London street would awake a certain amount of interest in the passers-by. During meals I have occasionally to order him to take up a "hitch" in his waistcloth for decency's sake. I was reading Allibone's quotations to-day, and asked him if he thought I was studying my Khoran; he answered, "Yes, master." "Are all the books we white men read Khorans then?" "Why, yes, of course." If simplicity exists anywhere it is this; fancy any one taking a strong yellow-back for a Khoran!

If, in describing any bird or animal to the boys — say a swan, for example — one asks, "And are there swans in Zanzibar?" "Oh, yes, *teld* (many)." "How many, Abedi?" "Oh, the sultan has one in a cage, or Mohammed Bin So-and-So keeps one tied up with a string," is the inevitable answer. You cannot get round a sharp Zanzibar boy in that way; fancy a swan tied up with a string. If you pursue the subject further you will probably learn that the swan builds its nest in high coconut palms, or does tricks, or something equally clever.

As for Farag Ala we have never yet stumped him in his strong point, natural history. There is no use telling him his stories are not founded on fact. The four-eyed story is his great weakness. "In my country there is a large red and black bird about the size of a *kuku* (fowl); this bird is only seen when a man dies, and then comes and sits on his grave; he has two pairs of eyes, one in front, and one pair behind his head; with one pair he can see by day, and the other he uses at night. For three days and nights the bird keeps watch over the body, lest the *sheitani** should come and steal it. After a fit of violent screaming he flies away and is seen no more. He, Farag Ala, has seen the bird, and has also seen giraffes

* Ants.

* Devil.

sleeping at night with their heads resting in forks of trees.

The contents of the moon seem to tax his unusually original brain. He makes the bold statement that hyænas are fond of dancing, and will sneak up to the villages while the men are dancing, and then next night can be seen far out on the plains indulging in wild antics similar to those of the natives themselves.

Saturday, 14th July. It is very strange how one is forgetting all the tunes one ever knew; all the "airs" of "Patience" have completely left us, and we only remember now such things as "Bonnie Dundee" or old waltzes that we have heard hundreds of times. "Grandfather's Clock" still remains in all its original purity; I doubt if fifty years would drive that out of us. Our men are getting more restless day by day as the time goes on; we are looking for Jephson and the pasha to come, and then all of us will go on to the lake. How the pasha will revel in the beetles and bugs about this place. There are enough to stock ten British Museums. In the huts, too, there are selections to choose from, but perhaps not quite of the kind the pasha would derive much amusement from. We constantly find ourselves talking to each other in Kiswahili; being with the men all day and working with them encourages this, of course. All work is done in Suahili, but now and then we would break out into English expressions to encourage the men. "By the Soul of the Prophet" and "By the shade of your grandfather's brother" are but unsatisfactory expressions.

Saturday, 4th August. Last night an elephant came into the plantation; it was pitch dark. I could just make out a black mass, and blazed away into the centre of this; as usual he made some passes and then bolted straight for the bush. He worried a patch of forty yards by twenty of green corn and trampled down some of the beans. I hope there are no more of them.

Finished the roof of Emin's house, claying up N.'s cook-house, weeding paths, repairing stockades, and various jobs. P. thinks Emin and Jephson will be here in ten days. I give them a fortnight; perhaps they will not come at all, who knows? P. and I had a thorough look at the crops and talked at home; we both agreed that a good ham and some bread wouldn't go bad just now. Stanley away just fifty days to-morrow. I find discontent among several of the men; it is deep. They want us, I fancy, to abandon this place

and march on to the lake, which means thirty men to carry seventy-five loads and fight too.

Bootmaking and tailoring going on. P. is by far the best bootmaker of the three of us, he is so patient and makes small stitches. Abedi is a *fundi* (master) tailor and has made me a pair of trousers out of Emin's cotton cloth.

August 9th. Last night the sentries reported natives in tobacco plots. Sneaked into the tower with P. and listened; remained till 10.30; no result. People do not know what listening for natives is; you cannot see in the dark or smell, so you must listen. Were they near in the darkness the slightest move on your part might be fatal; all you can do is to keep absolutely silent; those who cough or sneeze had better stay at home. One hour is all we expect a man in the towers to listen, it is too fatiguing for more. We knew natives were near the forts on five occasions; in four cases they were heard, in one a fire-stick was seen.

16th. Two months since Stanley left for Yambuya; he has already established communications with the major. I wonder if Abdullah and the couriers ever reached Bartelot. All three of us are now wearing boots of our own make; they do very well about the fort, but would not be up to much on the march. Anamari's ulcer is growing at a terrible rate. P. thinks he will die. Khamis Feredi, who came from Ugarrowa's, is worn away to a shadow; he will have to be carried should we march. P. has a bad leg.

19th. Eleven men on the sick-list. Ulcers are increasing despite the utmost care. Rissassi is down with one.

21st. Anamari's ulcer is terrible; from almost the kneecap down to the toes is simply one poisonous mass of decaying flesh. To fight against this with meal porridge is hopeless. P. is untiring, though ill himself. Last night the same gang of Wasongoro who bagged my green tobacco returned with the object of getting more; they found us ready. About 10 P.M. the sentry came to my window and whispered *washensi!* (natives). I went up into the tower and in the dark could only make out their approximate position; they were thirty-five yards from the ditch. The two sentries and I laid our rifles on the ledge of the tower, and at the signal from me blazed away and pumped up more cartridges into the Winchester and got off four rounds each. In the dark we could hear them scatter and make for trees; in three minutes twenty

men were up, armed, and out through the gates, and the natives fled howling into the forest; we found two dead. It was their intention to try to set fire to us, as we found fire-logs close up to the fence. They would never have dared to carry logs simply for light and warmth so close to the fort. The men killed were villainous-looking specimens, with filed teeth (all the tribes here are cannibals). One was shot in the head and the other in the chest. We picked up bows and arrows and three spears; these had been laid down to pluck the tobacco more easily I fancy. It will be a wholesome lesson and teach them we are awake at night as well as in the daytime.

Weeding big corn-field, stumping men's yard, others fencing main road. Ali Jimba and Yusuf Bin Osman rewarded with five dollars each on arrival in Zanzibar, for their cleverness last night. They tell me that for a quarter of an hour they had heard the natives before warning me.

Thursday, 23rd. Our pumpkins not doing well; they blossom, but no fruit forms. The feeling among the men against remaining here is increasing. Jephson should have been here by now. I have tried my best to make things as easy for the men as possible; not a case of flogging has occurred for over a month, and the most impartial justice is given them. Never have I been in such an anxiety in my life. What if Jephson is *too late*! Food is not over-plentiful; for the last gale here wrecked our bananas. The feeling among the blacks is that the "there" is better than the "here;" it is always the same story—with the *saffari ya samani* (former caravan) there was plenty of food, viazi, ndizi, maziwa, ngombi, potatoes, bananas, milk, cattle, etc.; with this there is nothing. I remember once getting so sick and tired of this that I was determined to catch a Zanzibari named Abdullah, who was always relating highly colored stories of a former *saffari*. "Abdullah," I said, "you have seen more food and fiercer natives, more cattle, longer marches, and bigger men on other *saffaris* (caravans); tell me now, have you seen more starvation than on this one?" "Oh, yes," he said, "it's true we have sometimes starved, but on one *saffari* I was on, long, long ago, we had"—and so on. I refused to listen; even in starving the "there" was better than the "here." (This was the same man who, months later in the open country, when we had cattle, sheep, and goats by hundreds, flour, bananas, beans and potatoes by the ton, being

spoken to by one of the Europeans who was impressing on him how much better this life was than that at Fort Bodo, said "Yes, master, it is splendid; every night I have a full stomach; but 'ah' at Fort Bodo there was *kuni teli*" (plenty of firewood.)

This place has few attractions for the men, and as long as they play fair, they cannot be blamed, poor chaps; some of them had tasted cattle and goat meat on the plains and sigh for it hourly.

August 28th. Jephson has had ninety-four days to go round the stations with Emin; he will not come. Something is the matter, or he would have been here long before this. The following words show great similarity:—

Dwarf (Monbutti).

Zanzibar.

- | | |
|------------|------------------|
| (1) Mbua | (1) Mbwa—a dog |
| (2) Mquali | (2) Mshale—arrow |
| (3) Njoka | (3) Nioka—snake |
| (4) Mino | (4) Meno—teeth |

31st. This day will ever be remembered by us. Last night we had a terrific hurricane, destroying nearly every roof in the place, and mowing down our corn and bananas like nine-pins. Heavy bits of bark from the trees were blown right into the fort, and for some hours it was unsafe to go out of the houses. It is heartrending; the work of weeks is undone; for the huts it does not matter, but our crops, put in with so much labor and time, are almost completely destroyed. The bridge was washed away.

September 3rd. Khamis Feredi died to-day; we buried him in our little graveyard; there are six there already. Waiting, waiting, it is terrible; cooped up in a place of this sort, the tendency is to become cantankerous and narrow. It requires everything good in one to meet the daily work patiently and cheerfully; there is very little left in one by nightfall.

4th. At work again on those interminable roofs; the gales simply play with our efforts; we are putting heavier logs over the leaves this time; and I hope it will, work well. Ali Jimba came to me this evening, and said the men had deputed him as their spokesman. I told him to bring the chief with him (Khamis Pari), and I would listen. He said that food was getting scarce, Jephson had not yet come, and that we should all die here like rats; and proposed that we should move forward to the lake. I said no, for several reasons; if we moved forward with the loads, we had only thirty-three carriers; and we have six sick men who must

be carried in addition. The result would be double trips, and two camps to defend every day. The natives would cut us up; we had struggled with the pasha's ammunition through one hundred and twenty days of forest, it would be insane now even to risk it. "Go back and reason with the men; tell those who wish to know more that we Wasungu (whites) will explain. Lakini si fanya vibaia (don't do bad things), or there will be trouble."

5th. I explained more fully our reasons to the men, and was pleased to find they could be rational. We had thirty-three men who could fight. Even if we reached the lake, Bubarika (Jephson) is not likely to be there; he is still in the north or he would be here long before now. Kabba Rega's Wanyoro are prowling about on the plains, and every round of ammunition will fall into their hands. (With Zanzibaris, reasoning must be part of the every-day discipline; when it comes to a direct order, then that order must be obeyed.)

10th. Mohammed the Soudanese from Cairo, and his boy Fadul Moula have not come in; they have been out now two days; they must have been looking at their fish-traps, and got speared by natives, or lost their way. Sent a party out to look for them.

11th. Turned out eighteen men to scour the woods for the missing men; fired rifles from the fort at every hour. If caught by the natives their fate will be an awful one, first tortured and then eaten; no signs of them by evening; blew the horn till nine P.M.

Read part of Montague Kerr's book "In the Far Interior;" it is consoling in a weakly sort of way to read of other people's troubles. Come, Jephson! for Heaven's sake, come!

12th. P. has hard work with the ulcers now. The gales have cut down our crops, and there is less food for the men, and ulcers will break out as the result of weakness. Morning and evening every man gets his medicine, and has his limbs washed. Carbolic acid and permanganate of potash are our chief ulcer medicines now. We detected a man to-day, with Arab (*dawa*) medicine on his sores. He had a small bit of paper bearing texts from the Khoran neatly written by Morgan Morgarewa, our scribe, tied over his sores. I see now why he borrowed the paper.

12th. Took Choush Mohammed's and Fadula's names off the roll; total garrison now fifty-three. Wonder what they are doing at home?

Tuesday, 18th. Have fits of sleeplessness. When one starts thinking at night of Emin, where Stanley and Jephson are, and the ammunition, in twenty minutes all is a hopeless muddle. Again one starts thinking until nearly crazy. The only thing then to do is to get up and smoke. Oh, the comfort there is in smoking!

19th. We are all burning to know what is going on in Europe. Is there a big war? is the queen still alive? We feel ourselves in a separate world, where we are dropped with just so much knowledge and can gain nothing new. Books we have, but it is men that we want—white men. This evening we discovered that we knew of and were in the habit of eating thirteen different grasses or green stuffs. "Grazing" is poor fun. We resolved, should we ever reach England alive, to patronize "eating-houses," not "cafés." Flour mills, sugar refineries, fish markets, cattle fairs, these are what we shall affect if we ever get out. Fancy a beef-steak now!

And so life went on, thinking and working and waiting, day after day watching for attacks, now and then sending out parties to punish bold natives. The elephants nearly broke our hearts at times; the men—hungry, impatient, and brooding—filled up any little gaps when we were getting too lively. Ulcers and fevers kept P. going daily with his knife, tweezers, and medicines. I doubt the capacity of my pen to give any idea of our thoughts as the months went on.

Like schoolboys waiting for the end of the term we ticked off the days on our calendars. We pined for news of the outside world, for newspapers or letters; the months were rolling into years since we had heard from civilization.

It took fifteen men three days out of the week at last to keep off the elephants; even these seemed different from other elephants, for they invariably charged. Each successive fever wore us down in weight and strength, and on the corn (porridge) we could not build up; the foods we could enjoy months ago were now mere emetics. What if Stanley never came, could we get to the Nyanza with our weakened condition in numbers?

Three hundred yards or so from our doors lay the forest, black and unending, and deadily it seemed from the fort.

I trust that those who read this will kindly remember that though to report circumstances may be easy, to relate them intelligibly is difficult. I again take extracts from my journal up to the time

Stanley returned to the fort on the 22nd December.

We had made corn and banana flour, boots, clothes, steel needles, awls, mats, baskets, salt, umbrella-frames, and many other articles; the eyes of the needles being our great puzzle. The men were encouraged to make fishing creels, and catch the small fish in the creek below the fort. We had given them plots for gardens of their own, rebuilt most of their huts, and encouraged them, by having "fixtures," to become more attached to their daily life.

The men who could write Swahili were teaching the others. Every idea we could seize upon to interest them was furthered; we told them stories of Ulaya,* and they in return related adventures in different countries of Africa. In time we collected drums and had singing and dancing—certainly not very spirited dancing, but still it passed away the evenings.

September 28th. All hope of J. coming has been given up. Stanley due in two months and twenty days; elephants, as usual, charged the men not five hundred yards from the fort. We fire blank at them now, but they charge at the noise. Instantly a man fires he clears out like lightning; fires and horns are the safest way of frightening them. We had eighteen fires going this morning and evening, and besides set fire to several old dry trees. I saw seven elephants this morning; they don't seem to mind Remington bullets much, but just cock up their trunks, let out two or three wild screams, and come straight for the sound of the rifle. Intibu was crushed under a sapling; but the elephant did not apparently see him, or he would have been certainly killed.

Weights: P. one hundred and forty-eight pounds, N. one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, S. one hundred and forty-three pounds.

October 3rd. Had our first *mbiringani* out of the garden. I don't know what the English name of this is, perhaps egg-fruit; it tastes like wood. Sent the boys out for their bananas; luckily they came across some natives, who decamped and left their baskets full of colocasia roots. Farag Ala owns up to having "fired in the air;" he saw no one to fire at.

P. says Soudi will die; he was hit in the pleura with an arrow and can hardly breathe.

7th. N. and I started tent-making; we

cut up the clumsy old tent and are making it into two smaller ones; mine will simply be a small *tente-abri*. The best tent for this country is one that can be pitched easily and quickly, strong, and with a good fly; it should be low, or every now and then will be blown away. The men continue to get fair hauls of fish in their baskets; it helps them on wonderfully; they call anything of this sort (*kitiweo*) relish.

Abedi wants to know why white men leave their homes and come out to countries like this, where the food is poor and the natives bad. I told him that we liked to know what sort of people lived in these countries, and, thinking to impress him, said that perhaps some day the white man would build a railway across this continent. Had he ever seen a railway? Oh, yes, the sultan has one! (It is a derelict tramway out to his plantations in Zanzibar.)

Tuesday, 9th. Caught the sentries on the granaries asleep or rather dreaming; they invariably answer, on being charged with sleeping, *Hakuna ku lala bwana, macho tu* (Not asleep, master, eyes only); that is, they could hear and see, but had their eyes shut. A Zanzibari has a very odd expression, *kulala macho*; we have no equivalent; it means to sleep with one's eyes open—always to be on the *qui vive*. If by themselves almost all African natives sleep *macho* (with eyes open). It really means they hear or see nothing until some one in the camp is stabbed by the enemy and yells out; then there is a wild seizing of arms and loosing off of rifles. It is most difficult to make natives like the Zanzibaris into good sentries; to listen for hours without talking to each other is a sore trial to them. We have fires for them in the towers and they are allowed to smoke if they like. I do not think the practice of shouting out their post numbers at certain intervals a good one; it teaches sentries a false security, and the natives soon learn what it means. (For actual sleeping on post the first offence is twenty-five strokes, extra duties and up to fifty strokes for second offence; fines of five dollars and ten dollars, paid in Zanzibar, in addition, if caught a third time.) P. has fever of a bad type.

11th. When all hands were at work Msengessi Wadi Idi was shot by some natives close to the fort. He was brought in, but died in fifty minutes. The arrow merely pierced the flesh and muscles; death, then, must have resulted from two causes (in which P. concurs): (1) from apoplexy brought on by fright and ner-

* Europe.

vousness. (2) From the poison on the arrow, which was a wooden one. No blood-spitting took place; and the lungs were uninjured. We all feel depressed. Msengessi was a regular character in the place; he had a first-rate idea of gardening, was cheery, ready for work, and contented. His death adds to the already depressed state of the men. P. held no post-mortem, as the man's comrades did not fancy the idea.

The Wasongora bowmen are deadly shots up to sixty yards or so, when they get a long aim; their bows and arrows are beautifully made.

13th. P.'s state gives N. and myself great anxiety; it is bilious, malignant fever, and remittent, that he has got; we have no fowls for soup for him, no meat for broths, no sugar to make things tasty, no condiments or tea even; preparations of Indian corn and banana flour in the shape of gruel are what he is now eating; his condition is serious, 104° and 105° will take him down to nothing if it keeps up.

14th. P. crawled out of his hut and lanced Khamis Pari's leg. I never saw so much filth come out of a sore before; intense relief was the result, and Khamis gave a deep grunt of satisfaction. The *monbutti* (dwarf) ate about two pounds of snake meat throughout the day; the Zanzibaris, as a rule, won't look at it, but accuse one of their number of having eaten some secretly in the night. He said he wanted it to make oil of.

15th. The Wasongora never chew or snuff tobacco, but only use it in pipes. I never saw a genuine native of the interior chewing tobacco. Our men are very fond of it in this way, and add lime made out of shells to it, as it bites better with this.

I collected one hundred and twenty words of the dwarfs' language.

16th. Moved P. into Emin's hut, he is very bad. The elephants are wonderfully bold; it will mean starvation if we cannot keep them back. It is at night that they do most damage; they are so cunning and quiet about it we rarely hear them, and find it out to our cost the next morning.

17th. Off after elephants; made over twenty fires up for the evening, and set them going at 6 P.M.; they will burn till 11 P.M. Saw four elephants and blazed away; only one charged, but we ran and got away. One print in the mud, a straight up and down one, measured twenty-two and one-quarter inches from front to rear; this is the biggest one I have seen yet.

19th. Sadi died this morning; N. buried

him in the graveyard. Six fires going to N.E. for elephants. No elephants crossed the line of fires of yesterday. Elephants reported in corn; went round and found nothing.

P. has bad nights, he is frightfully yellow; quinine does him no good.

25th. Juma Uledi again up for stealing corn, fell-in the men, had Juma flogged, and threatened to make a prison if this went on, and keep offenders in it, as they could not be trusted loose.

Put new roof on Water Gate Tower.

The driving rains and wind have played havoc with the four-acre field. It was our last hope; it is yellow now, and prematurely so.

P.'s temperature is up to 104°; it is real bilious remittent fever; he has been ill three weeks. We have twenty-three rows of peas coming on and looking well. Issued rations as usual; sixty days without meat; it is killing P. slowly.

November 2nd. Making needles from spare steel wire of Maxim gun, drilled the eyes with small drill in tool-case. In Tennyson's "Amphion" to-day, I read:—

And I must work through months of toil
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil,
To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom;
Enough if, at the end of all,
A little garden blossom.

This is *our* experience:—

With hail-storms wild and native gangs,
With elephants twelve feet high,
A chronic state of dreadful pangs
Proclaims that we should die.
A thousand rations scooped up clean,
More "grazing" for us all;
We plant again with hopes to glean
Perchance again next fall.

6th. P. is better, Mohammed Ali's ulcer is increasing, his foot looks as if it must drop off soon.

Saturday, 10th. Had another probe for my arrow; P. discovered it and took it out with his tweezers. It has been in me fourteen months and twenty-three days; it was an ordinary wooden poisoned arrow just like the natives about here use, but had become eaten away from long presence in the tissue. It was the rib that saved my life. Boys caught some more fish. Our rice has been in the ground just four months; it will be another fortnight before we can eat it.

22nd. Made some arrow-poison. P. and I have specimens of the ingredients; we followed the dwarf's directions.

24th. Tried poison on a native dog. P. shaved the hair of his back, and made a slight incision with his knife and rubbed the poison well in, covered the wound up with canvas, and put him in the old cook-house. By evening the dog was drowsy and stupid.

26th. Stanley away five months. The dog died at 1.45 P.M., just twenty-eight and a half hours after the poison was introduced; he drank no water.

There are six ingredients in the poison: four kinds of leaves, a bark, and a small dark brown bean. This bean is poisonous if taken internally.

30th. The dry season is now on us. The crops don't look at all well. N. weighs one hundred and thirty-eight pounds; he is over twelve stone in England.

December 7th. Picking the rice; yield one hundred and twenty-five per cent., or one hundred and twenty-five cups to every one cup planted.

8th. Found a native camp seven and a half miles S.S.E., and in it a brass rod metako, which must have belonged to Boryo, the old chief of west Ibwiri. In days gone by we had given him two of these.

Monday, 10th. Boys again saw the lion! Abedi's eyes like saucers when relating about it; most probably it was a leopard. The heat is intense. Our latitude is 1° 20' North. Have got fever.

14th. Anniversary of our first reaching the Albert Nyanza.

Wednesday, 19th. Repairing roof of Water Gate guard-house; putting leaves on granary.

Thursday, December 20th. About 11 A.M. we heard shots, and soon after Stanley and the advance of the column were seen three hundred and fifty yards down the west road. The whole garrison turned out amidst yells, and we gave them three volleys. For half an hour or so we asked each other dozens of questions and got no answers. We heard the terrible news of Bonalya, and half an hour later Bonny came in. All got a grand blow-out of our hardly gained corn, and there was a boisterous dance in the evening.

It was six months since Stanley left us, and altogether we had spent eight in the fort. We were able to say, "All's well" at Fort Bodo.

Three days later we moved towards the Nyanza, and burnt the fort to the ground amidst cheers.

There is a large bottle containing a letter buried near the spot where the flag-

staff stood. Some Remington rifles lie buried nine yards N.N.E. from it, and we left the steel shield of the Maxim gun lying on the square.

Will a white man ever find these?

Months and months later, as we rolled along through Usagara, and neared the blue waters of the Indian Ocean, round the camp-fires at night was the story of our life at Fort Bodo repeated again and again.

And when, at last, we actually caught sight of the sea with its fringe of coconut palms, and heard the wild volleys of cheers from our black boys, there was not a white man amongst us but felt the blood rush up into his face as each thought that he had helped, in a small way, to bring his men through the forest, and across the plains of Africa, to their homes by the sea.

W. G. STAIRS.
(Lieutenant R.E.)

From Belgravia.

LORD MELBOURNE.

To eat a particular quantity of food at a particular time of the day, whether hungry or not hungry, seems to constitute, according to the law of the nursery, good behavior; judged from that standard of excellence, the behavior of William Lamb between the age of three and five, or perhaps more, never approached goodness; he ate when hungry and at no other time, foreshadowing thereby the possession of a spirit of independence, which throughout his after life was forever manifesting itself.

From his nurses, therefore, William Lamb did not get altogether a good character, but his mother, Lady Melbourne, who naturally did not feel the same annoyance at a carefully prepared meal or a basin of milk getting cold, did not altogether dislike this originality and independence, and fancied she could discern in his waywardness, the promise of a strong will which might some day be turned to good account—that was one reason why she was willing to spend with her boy so many hours away from the gay crowd that was always glad to see her. Another reason was that she saw plainly enough that her husband was too much bound up in the child she had borne him nine years before—the heir to the family title and wealth—to pay attention to William. So it was that the second son, whilst the eldest was his father's boy, re-

ceived so large a share of her influence — an influence which in after years stood him in good stead, and which he readily acknowledged. "Ah," he would often say, after she had been put to rest in the family vault at Hertford, "my mother was a most remarkable woman! not merely clever and engaging, but the most sagacious woman I ever knew. She kept me right as long as she lived."

When William Lamb went to Eton in 1790 he was eleven; of the six years he spent there, before he went to Cambridge, no record has been preserved, except that he left the school a fairly good classic. In July he was entered as a fellow commoner of Trinity College and went into residence during the October following. Here he formed the acquaintance of the sons of numerous Whig politicians, with some of whom he afterwards became connected in administering the affairs of the country. He studied hard, his determined hatred of mathematics, thirst for classical education and ethical speculation becoming almost daily more apparent. The law was pointed out to him as a desirable profession and he liked well the idea of following it, particularly as his mother reminded him that in it he would get a good training for the political career which she looked forward to his eventually following.

In the summer of 1797, speaker Addington entered him as a student at Lincoln's Inn; at the close of Michaelmas term in the following year he gained the declamation prize for an oration delivered in his college chapel on "the progressive improvements of mankind," and at the close of 1799 he went with a younger brother, Frederick, to finish his education at Glasgow.

In going to Scotland to attend what were known as "open classes" of philosophy and jurisprudence, William Lamb and his brother were following what was just then a very customary course with young men of promise. Fox recommended Professor Millar of Glasgow as a desirable tutor and to him William and Frederick went. Lord Lauderdale wrote to Millar of the former, "he has the reputation, and I believe really possesses uncommon talents." Of the professor's household, Lord and Lady Melbourne got their first account from Frederick Lamb, "There is nothing heard of in this house but study, though there is as much idleness, drunkenness, etc., out of it, as at most universities."

William's letters from Glasgow reveal an intense interest in passing politics which must have gladdened his mother's

heart; but before coming to these, here is one typical of the author's youthful style and not uninteresting as a sketch of daily life in Glasgow at the close of the last century: "For the company and manners of this place, I do not see much difference in them from the company and manners of any country town. I have dined out, in a family way, at a wealthy merchant's, and we have had several parties at home. We drink healths at dinner, hand round the cake at tea, and put our spoons into our cups when we desire to have no more, but exactly in the same manner as we used to behave at Hatfield, at Eton, and at Cambridge. Almost the only exclusive custom I have remarked is a devilish good one, which ought to be adopted everywhere. After the cheese, they hand round the table a bottle of whiskey and another of brandy, and the whole company, male and female, in general indulge in a dram. This is very comfortable and very exhilarating and affords an opportunity for many jokes." Nearly every other letter from William Lamb, whilst at Glasgow, is about politics.

After leaving Glasgow he read for the bar. The extent to which he read we do not know; but we learn from contemporary evidence that the theatre and society at Carlton House and Melbourne House had a good share of his company; and that he favored his friends with a good many very feeble poetical effusions. Still there can be no doubt that to cut a figure at the bar was his ambition. He was honest even in his admiration for his own talents. He firmly believed he spoke and wrote well; when he found out that he did neither one nor the other he seems to have been quite ready to admit his failure.

He was "called" in Michaelmas, 1804, and took chambers in Pump Court, and through Scarlett's influence received a guinea brief; in after life he used to say that the highest feeling of satisfaction he ever experienced — very far transcending his enjoyment at becoming prime minister — was reading his name on the back of that guinea brief. The case — a trivial one — came on at the Lancashire sessions, and Lamb got through his work, feeling, when he had finished, that his legal career had really begun. No doubt he would have followed this career had not the death of his elder brother in the following January made him heir to the family title and estates. A more promising heir could hardly have been found, but his father would not yield to Lady Melbourne's pleadings on his behalf. Penistone had

enjoyed £5,000 a year allowance; £2,000 was thought enough for William Lamb, who Lord Melbourne owned was good-looking and clever—in a way, but he was not Penistone! One point, however, he did yield: he put his hand in his pocket and brought out enough to pay for the purchase of the borough of Leominster, for which place William took his seat next year as the “duly elected” member, and, to his mother’s infinite joy, was launched on a parliamentary career.

The year 1805 gave Lady Melbourne another very considerable satisfaction; it saw William Lamb the accepted suitor of Lady Caroline Ponsonby, daughter of Frederick, Earl of Bessborough. To ally her son with one of the best Whig families had been Lady Melbourne’s unceasing endeavor ever since he returned from Glasgow, and when, after some time, he seemed to be particularly anxious to pay visits to Lord Bessborough’s villa at Roehampton, and talked often of the fascinating—if not strictly pretty—girl who rambled in the garden with him and told him the quaint story of her childhood passed in Italy, and earlier girlhood spent at Devonshire House, Lady Melbourne very likely wished that William Lamb had been the heir to her husband’s title. As it was, how could she hope that Lady Caroline, with the best of prospects before her, would think of a “second son” who if he wanted a fortune would have to work for it. Penistone Lamb’s death drove any difficulties of that kind out of the field; early in 1805 William Lamb was Lady Caroline’s accepted suitor, and before midsummer they were man and wife.

When the new Parliament met in December, 1806, Lamb made his maiden speech, as mover of the address to the king’s speech. Afterwards, he did not speak frequently, for he soon discovered that he was by no means eloquent; that fact, coupled with the hopelessness of the Whig prospect, a good deal disgusted him with parliamentary life, so that when he in 1812 lost his seat, in response to the “no popery” cry which was filling the air around every polling booth in England, he was not very sorry at the prospect of a life to be spent more at home.

But the home to which he now turned was not altogether a happy one. Lady Caroline’s eccentricities, which had charmed him at his occasional meetings with her, became aggravating, as they grew more, instead of less, marked, for there is no doubt that Lamb hoped, and indeed believed, that, as his wife, he could

make the girl by degrees more rational. Still, the first few years of married life were happy, and her letters to her husband yield undoubted evidence of her attachment to him.

In August, 1807, she gave birth to a son, to whom the Prince of Wales stood sponsor, and on whom she seems to have lavished the wildest affection. Her pride knew no bounds and she walked every female visitor up to the top of the house to see his boy—luckless the one not sufficiently enthusiastic over his beauty! Had this child turned out differently, probably the married life of William and Lady Caroline Lamb would have turned out differently. When about eighteen months old the boy was seized with fits, from the effects of which, though he lived for nine-and-twenty years, he never recovered, and his intellect never developed.

Though the condition of her child’s health went far to exaggerate Lady Caroline’s peculiarities, it is only fair to say that it did not in the least diminish her affection for him; about him she wrote constantly to her husband and in the moments of her wildest passion and apparent disregard for everything she never forgot him.

The love of everything literary, erratic, and artistic brought to Lady Caroline’s house every man of notoriety of the day; yet upon none could she be said to bestow especial mark of friendship, so that her familiar manner, though distasteful to her husband, aroused in him no feeling of jealousy. Whilst “Childe Harold” was still in proof, Byron showed it to Sam Rogers, who on one of his almost daily visits to Melbourne House showed it to Lady Melbourne, telling her she ought to know the author; after reading the poem, Lady Caroline was eager for an introduction. She had not to wait long for it, as they met at Lady Westmoreland’s before “Childe Harold” was actually published. Praise of his coming poem no doubt drew from Byron some very pretty sentiments concerning his fair critic, and the impression he made upon her may be judged from the entry respecting the poet which she made in her diary: “mad, bad, and dangerous to know.” But the publication of the famous poem and consequent notoriety of the author precluded his madness, badness and the danger of his society from standing in the way of their intimacy. In due course this intimacy was noticed and talked of, and the more it was noticed and the more it was talked of the better was Byron’s van-

ity pleased and the better satisfied was Lady Caroline's thirst for being a subject for remark. William Lamb heeded the ripening friendship with indifference; it was, he thought, simply one of a score friendships which his wife was almost daily cultivating and nearly as soon forgetting, but in this he was mistaken; on her side at least there can be no doubt of the depth of the attachment, and her history from this time till that of her death—subsequent by some years to Byron's—demonstrates the permanency of the affection.

It is difficult to arrive at a precise conclusion as to Byron's feelings for Lady Caroline during any but the very early period of their acquaintance, though it is certain that as time went on temporary fascination was replaced by boredom, which he put up with because he liked to be talked of as an intimate friend at Melbourne House. The knowledge of this fact may have been one reason for William Lamb's indifference to what was passing; another was that he knew of his mother's intended match for Byron.

The unfortunate results of this match did not mend matters; nor did Byron's conduct in constantly telling Lady Caroline—till he heard she was returning from Ireland, whither she had accompanied her husband—that he tired of his wife's society and yearned for hers. Once certain of her return, he wrote terminating their acquaintance forever.

Though many of the stories of Lady Caroline's temper and behavior after this event may be exaggerated there is plenty of truth in a good many; her eccentricities increased and left those who witnessed them in no doubt as to their being unfeigned—in short that her mind was unhinged. Lamb listened to the advice of those who urged a separation, but whilst arrangements were being made for it she wrote "Glenarvon" and sent it to him; he was pleased with much in the book and eagerly caught at the excuse suggested by reading it, that perhaps part of his wife's extraordinary behavior might have been caused by outward coldness on his part; in the end, when the deed of separation came to be signed the signatories were not forthcoming and were discovered by those in search of them wandering about the park at Bocket, friends as before. Lamb and his wife stopped on at Bocket for same time and there the news reached her of Byron's opinion of her novel; her eccentricity returned, she roasted an effigy of the poet

over a bonfire and then sent him an account of the performance.

She was now engaged upon her third novel, "Ada Reis," which appeared in 1817; her friends endeavored to dissuade her from bursting into print, but their opposition seems to have stimulated her energy in that line: "I am ordered peremptorily by my own family"—so she told Lady Morgan—"not to write," but she asked what would be the natural effect of such opposition on one descended from Spenser and with the blood of the Duke of Marlborough, the Cavendishes and Ponsonbys running in her veins? Incidentally this letter to Lady Morgan reveals one of the better traits in Lady Caroline's character. Here, she says, are "Three Ada Reises," and in return she begs Lady Morgan's interest for a poor doctor who was a candidate for an appointment at Westminster Hospital. "He has done everything he could for my dear and only child, I therefore have done and will do everything for him." It is also worthy of note that when at the general election in 1818, George Lamb—her husband's brother—stood for Westminster, Lady Caroline worked hard on his behalf; during her canvas for this contest she became acquainted with Godwin, who afterwards went to Bocket and who she desired to advise her as to her son's condition.

All this time things went more smoothly at Bocket. She delighted in the place, and the quiet rambles seemed to soothe her, if they provoked melancholy. She had, she said, there "one faithful, kind friend" and that was William Lamb, "health, spirits, and all else are gone, slowly and gradually by my own fault." But the news of Byron's death brought a return of her former and more violent form of mania, which was heightened by the circumstances of her meeting with the carriage conveying the poet's remains to Newstead. Scene followed scene, both at Bocket and at Melbourne House, till at last William Lamb told her they must live apart. He took up his residence for a while with his brother, and she, after inundating him with letters and verses, left for Paris. On returning to England a sense of her altered circumstances appears to have awakened her to a greater sense of propriety and an earnest wish for reconciliation with her husband, and once convinced of the genuineness of the desire, Lamb no longer held back. Her own health demanded that she should live chiefly at Bocket and his affairs took him constantly to London, but they kept up an

active and affectionate correspondence. Lamb, as we shall presently see, went to Ireland in 1827, and whilst there the first really grave reports of Lady Caroline's condition reached him. It soon became evident that her death was rapidly approaching. In October, her doctor wrote to her husband at her dictation a letter, the hopefulness of which was evidently feigned. "God bless you, my dearest William," it concluded, "I will write to you myself very soon; do not forget to write a line to me." So soon as he could, Lamb came to England and was constantly with her till her death, early in the following year. In after years, whenever he spoke of his wife, it was of her during the earlier and latter part of their married life; let us hope that the intermediate years — years of little mental peace for Lamb — were really obliterated from his memory.

We will now turn to consider a little of Lamb's public life after failing to gain a seat in Parliament at the general election of 1812. Brougham then believed him to be a Conservative, and whilst viewing affairs from outside the House, his leanings towards the policy of Canning became avowed; so that the minister — when in 1827 he formed his first administration — caused no surprise by offering Lamb, who had again entered Parliament, the post of Irish secretary. George IV. was especially glad to think that Canning proposed to include their mutual friend in the administration: "William Lamb, William Lamb," he said, when Canning mentioned his name, "put him anywhere you like." The success of Lamb's rule at Dublin showed the wisdom of Canning's choice. Lamb always kept up with his Canningite friends, who, after the death of Mr. Huskisson, became more closely allied with the Whig section of the Liberal party. Thus Lord Grey was, on forming his administration in 1830, without party difficulty enabled to offer to his old friend and relative the post of home secretary, and Lord Melbourne at the age of fifty became for the first time in his life a Cabinet minister.

The official experience acquired during the short time he was Irish secretary stood him in good stead, and, as the head of the Home Office, he gave rapid proof of administrative ability that won praise from political foes as well as friends. He has surprised all about him, said Greville, by a "rapid and diligent transaction of business for which nobody was prepared." With the popular violence and excitement

which the proposed reform was then causing — democratic tyranny he styled it — he had, indeed, from first to last, very little sympathy. He frankly admitted that he was against reform because it "could not be moderate," but, as he declared on the second reading, the bill must be persisted with until passed as "the will of the country left the legislature no alternative."

When the ministers met in July, 1834, to learn from Lord Grey that his resignation had been accepted, the ex-premier himself handed Lord Melbourne the king's command to attend him at Windsor. He received the summons with his usual air of *nonchalance*, and told his secretary he thought it a "d—d bore" having to go on such a mission. At their meeting, William IV. urged a coalition with the conservatives, but Lord Melbourne convinced him of the impossibility of such an arrangement, and the king rather reluctantly consented to the continuance of a Whig ministry, with Lord Melbourne at its head. Thus the prophecy given both by Lord Castlereagh and by George IV., as regent, was fulfilled and the dearest wish of old Lady Melbourne (who had been dead for sixteen years) realized!

The session was soon wound up, but the new premier did not join the Cabinet in the precipitate bolt from London — it matters not whether — which was then becoming fashionable. He remained in or near town and spent much of his time at Holland House in company with Greville, and corresponding with his colleagues on various topics — many purely social. The Cabinet, or at least the government, was not — as was well known — united, and when Lord Spencer's death took Lord Althorpe to the upper house, Lord Melbourne went to Brighton and told the king plainly that he doubted the possibility of continuing in office. William IV., who under the queen's influence was now a pretty thorough-going Tory, was glad of an excuse to change the ministry, and on leaving Brighton, Lord Melbourne consented to be the bearer of the king's summons to the Duke of Wellington.

That night, in London, he made the now famous statement to Lord Brougham of what had passed at Brighton. Brougham called in to see him on his way home from Holland House, and the premier told him the news, not probably from any certain opinion that the remarkable politician to whom he spoke would keep the news a secret, but because he thought the late-

ness of the hour would preclude him from divulging it to the press. The unfortunate result is well known. Brougham was soon closeted in the *Times* office, and that journal, next morning, announced the dismissal of the ministers (before they received official intimation of what had taken place), adding — on the authority of their informant — “the queen has done it all!”

Peel's administration, which followed, was but short-lived, and fell on the 8th of April, 1835. Three days later, Lord Melbourne was again summoned to the king and formed a ministry, though with prospects the reverse of hopeful, for their majority was small, and, what is worse, unreliable.

Things mended but little as time wore on, and prior to opening the session of 1837 it was seriously debated if the ministry should again face Parliament. However, in the end, it was agreed to do so, though a sense of relief was experienced by the disheartened Cabinet, when the death of William IV. gave a reasonable pretext for winding up the session. Of the premier's opinion of the king, his always guarded tone leaves us in some doubt, but of the king's opinion of the premier, there is no doubt. He considered him “a Conservative in the truest sense of the word, and to as great a degree as his Majesty himself.” What more could William IV., during the last year of his life, have said in praise of any man?

The age and sex of the sovereign who now ascended the throne gave Lord Melbourne an opportunity of bringing into play all that was kindest and most generous in his nature. The recent editor of his letters observes, that the time for laying open all his political dealings with the queen has not yet come, but what we do know of their correspondence leaves us little doubt that Greville was as accurate as he usually is when he tells us that he “was passionately fond of Victoria — as he might be of a daughter;” who will say that this affection was not most cordially reciprocated? See the tone of kindly encouragement in the letter to the young queen over one of the first difficulties of her reign — filling up the household appointments: —

“Lord Melbourne trusts that your Majesty will not feel either surprised or discouraged at the difficulties which occur in making the arrangement, and which Lord Melbourne's experience enables him to assure your Majesty always do occur in transactions of this nature. The persons who are the best fitted for offices are often

the most unwilling to undertake them, and those who are least qualified, most eager to obtain them.”

Though the general election which followed the queen's accession did not materially add to the government's strength, still it added something, and the removal of a sovereign who was manifestly opposed to the government as a whole was a decided gain. But the Whigs benefited only for a short time. Soon the internal differences in the party showed signs of bringing the ministry to the ground. To the speaker — who was quarrelling with Lord John Russell — Lord Melbourne expressed the hope that if the government was to fall it would do so “in the open light” and not from internal embarrassment, unintelligible to the great body of its supporters.

Lord Melbourne's ministry fell, over the Jamaica Bill, in May, 1839. The premier was sorry to resign for only one reason, and that was ceasing to advise the queen.* His sorrow was probably increased tenfold by the annoyance caused to his youthful sovereign over the misunderstanding with Peel as to the retention of the ladies of her household, and there can be no reasonable doubt that it was, so far as possible, to check this annoyance that Lord Melbourne consented to resume office, and he probably felt when he did so that little personal felicity awaited any of the Cabinet. As he said in the House of Lords the ministry resumed office because they were unwilling to abandon the queen “in a situation of difficulty and distress.” It was after this unselfish resumption of office that there came for the premier's consideration a matter which from his intense love for the queen gave him probably the gravest anxiety of all; he had to advise her as to the wisdom of her choice of a consort.

Grave as was this responsibility, his unselfishness caused him the first real satisfaction at being premier that he had felt since he resumed office; how much that feeling of satisfaction was heightened when court rivalries had to be considered and smoothed over on the question of Prince Albert's precedence, may be judged by remembering Lord Melbourne's intense honesty; for real honesty will prevent modest feelings from disguising the knowledge of having acted with wisdom and discretion.

It is needless, in a short biography of Lord Melbourne, to follow the Whig party

* Lord Melbourne for a time undertook the duties of private secretary to her Majesty.

through its stumbles and falls till the government resignation in 1841. The queen had now an adviser, so that the only reason which had before induced Lord Melbourne to remain in office had been removed. "It is so different now," he told the queen, in taking his official leave of her, "the prince understands everything so well." If he had a regret at quitting the premiership, it was that his party had so far fallen in the public estimation. The policy of the new government gave little occasion for attack, but he came pretty regularly to the House and often spoke; to his former colleagues he wrote frequently, discussing the principal event of the day.

But perhaps it is time to pause for a moment and think of the physical condition of the late premier; this — never particularly strong, but ever sustained by mental activity and excitement — had shown, during a rest from ministerial wear and tear, a tendency to give way, which, by his colleagues, was not wholly unexpected, since Lord Melbourne himself had told them that cares preyed the more upon him the more he was at leisure. "For myself," he wrote to Russell, in August, 1840, "I can neither eat nor sleep for anxiety, and I suffer much more from the pressure of responsibility during the recess than during the sitting of Parliament." The seriousness of the break up in Lord Melbourne's health showed itself on the 23rd October, 1842, whilst stopping at Brocket, when he was seized with an attack of paralysis. He speedily recovered, but the shock to his nervous system never wholly passed away, though he called the seizure "only a runaway knock," and said he thought so little of it that he "did not care to know the fellow who gave it." Still, when he came into the House of Lords at the beginning of the following session, his changed appearance and manner were noticed, and a good deal talked about in political circles where physical break-up is generally indecently discussed. Throughout the session he spoke very little, but in December felt himself strong enough to pay a visit to the queen and prince consort at Windsor.

His Parliamentary silence had no doubt driven him a good deal from newspaper, and consequently public, notice, and by the new Liberal party his power had never been experienced. How far he noticed this, it is difficult precisely to say, but there is no doubt that it was very sharply brought home to him when his last public speech, made at a dinner in Hertfordshire, received but a scanty and inaccurate re-

port in the press. He felt this very acutely and the careless manner he generally adopted with regard to a personal slight could not disguise his annoyance; it was the first rude intimation his sensitive nature had received of the fact that, though not himself forgetting the world, by the world he was already, in a way, forgotten. The impending resignation of the Peel ministry in 1846, seemed to give his energies a fresh impetus and he resumed an active correspondence with his old colleagues, on the situation. His words in speaking or writing left them in no doubt of the fact that, if a Whig ministry was formed he expected to be in it; the impossibility of such a thing, his unfitness any further for public life, was obvious and this thirst for a return to office, a thirst which could not be satisfied, gave his old friends very considerable pain. After the queen had sent for Russell, Lord Melbourne waited anxiously for his colleague's letter, which he felt sure would contain the offer of a ministerial office; that of lord privy seal was what he expected. The letter reached him on the 3rd of July, 1846, and ran thus: —

I submitted to the queen yesterday the list of the new ministry. I have not proposed to you to form a part of it, because I do not think your health is equal to the fatigues which any office must entail.

Between the lines he could read the real reason for excluding his name from the list submitted to the queen, and the care with which this real reason was disguised touched the tenderest chords of his heart, his eyes filled with tears as he scribbled in answer: —

You have judged very rightly and kindly in making me no offer. I am subject to such frequent accesses of illness as render me incapable of any exertion.

As far back as 1835, he had expressed his firm belief that there was no surer sign of weakness or decline than bad writing. His own handwriting, as it appeared in this letter to Russell was an instance of the truth of the observation.

At a period a little before this — just after Lord Melbourne had been attacked by his first paralytic stroke — the present Lord Cowper tells us how he remembers seeing him: "a somewhat massive though not corpulent figure, reclining in an armchair, a white, or nearly white head, shaggy eyebrows, and a singularly keen and kindly eye, fits of silence occasionally broken by an incisive and rather paradoxical remark, accompanied by a genial

laugh and a rubbing of hands together. I remember also noticing how easily the tears came into his eyes, not so much, as I have heard it said, at anything tender or affecting as at the expression of a noble or generous sentiment." After his exclusion from the Whig Cabinet of 1846, the old man aged apace; the genial laugh was heard less often, and leaning back in his chair he would quote to some old colleague that came to see him:—

So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself.
My race of glory run, *not* race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with those that rest.

The division to be taken on the bill for removing Jewish disabilities, passed in 1848, gave him an opportunity of once more voting in favor of religious liberty and he stirred himself to take it. This was not his last appearance in the House, but it was the last occasion on which he voted.

At the close of the session he went back to Brocket, where, about the middle of November, he was seized with another paralytic attack; gradually the power of expression or articulation left him; and so, as far as could be judged, did the sense of pain. On the twenty-fourth of the month he passed peacefully away.

W. J. HARDY.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO.

A SURVIVAL is usually interesting, but rarely exhilarating. It is wrapped in an atmosphere of spiritual depression. The Conservative would wish it away, as a mockery of the good old times. It inspires him with an active, painful feeling of regret. It is the old yellow love-letter, when life has out-grown love. The past had better die than linger. To the Radical at once sour and sanguine, sceptically contemptuous of the past, servilely superstitious as to the future, the survival is a grievance. Its subdued and faded tones are an eyesore, which his rose-colored spectacles will not quite correct. It is a constant source of conscious annoyance. It has no right to be there—the past had better be killed than die.

The Republic of San Marino is a survival unique in the political world of Europe, and yet it has escaped the common lot. It is praised by Conservatives and

Radicals alike. It is in fact a survival with two sides. On the face of its coins are seen its three mediæval castles, on the obverse is read the magic word *Repubblica*, magic indeed, for this amulet has saved its life over and over again. Thus it is that intelligent Americans, in whose eyes republics are always right, will fondle San Marino as a little long-lost sister, older it is true by far, but fallen into Rip Van Winkle's slumber on an Italian mountainside. They will complacently gaze upon it as upon a miniature photograph of their own Columbia, with its superfluous exuberance shaded down. Those who have half read and half forgotten the "Politics" of Aristotle seem to remember that he asserted Republicanism to be the most stable form of government; for there are some to whom Republic and Democracy are but synonyms. Yet deeper perhaps is the love of those who, standing now on the great level plain of modern Europe, yet turn their eyes back to the devious mountain-tracks of mediæval Italian life. To them the crags of San Marino are as to the scholar is the Pompeii of the plain,—more, indeed, for San Marino is a Pompeii undestroyed. Older, also, for though we have called it mediæval San Marino is in essentials prehistoric,—a rural commune or group of rural communes such as existed in the Umbrian hills before Rome was known or Florence thought of, when Naples was a barren shore and Venice but a bank of mud. How, then, has San Marino not only maintained its communal existence but struggled into political sovereignty? The answer to the first half of the question is the easier. In the absence of ethnological deluges—and these usually leave the Ararats unswept—it is the nature of rural organizations to survive. It is only towns that change. In the chronicle of the country there are no births and deaths. It is past all the weight of the Bishop of Oxford and Professor Freeman to smother or drown the crone of the pre-Saxon village. The old witch will not sink, nor will she strangle. He who on a winter's day is plied with mead in an upland Dorset farm blesses the continuity of rural life, and realizes that it must have been as old as its weather. But sovereignty is quite another thing. Rural communities bow readily to sovereignty; partly because they are not easily defensible,—partly because they barely realize its meaning. Sovereignty in its essence is identical with taxation. The rural commune does not feel the weight of taxation so heavily. It is the

rich bourgeois, not the poor agriculturist, who kicks against the prick of taxation.

The sovereign independence of San Marino is due to a series of happy accidents which were crystallized into a sentiment. The origin of the State is ascribed to a Dalmatian saint who fled from the early persecutions at Rome and dwelt in a hermitage on Mount Titanus. But it is impossible to believe that there was no earlier population. The mountain is a detached block standing free of the Apennines—a short twelve miles from the seacoast, easily defensible and commanding a fertile, undulating district. The hill-villages must have existed before the towns of the coast. As old as Illyrian pirates were the highland townships of Verucchio, San Leo, Urbino, Osimo, Loreto, and above all San Marino. Yet, but for the saint and his noble benefactress Felicitá, San Marino would have shared the fate of other highland communes. This lady was a Countess Matilda on a small scale. She gave to the young congregation the proprietorship of the mountain, and the lower table-land was acquired by subsequent purchase and by the generosity of Pope Æneas Sylvius. But Felicitá could not give sovereignty—she could give no more than she possessed. The sovereignty had rested with the Roman republic—the empire—the Goths—the Greeks—the Germans. The papacy itself had as much claim to San Marino as to anything which it possessed. It was included at all events in the donation of Pepin. In the pontificate of John XXII., the Bishop of Feltro, who claimed the ownership of the town, proposed to sell it, partly because he needed money to restore his church, partly because the Samminaresi were rebellious subjects,—“not recognizing superiors here on earth, and perchance not believing upon a superior in heaven.”

Yet the papacy appears in the thirteenth century to have accepted a judicial decision as to the sovereign independence of the republic, and Pius II. considerably increased its territory in 1463 at the expense of Sigismund Malatesta. The sovereignty of San Marino is therefore almost as complete a puzzle as that of the mysterious Royaume d'Yvetot. Neither can be explained by the ancient alod and the later fief. In after times it is strange also that the theoretical sovereignty of the republic escaped the practical encroachments of more powerful neighbors. The Malatestas, originally lords of the neighboring upland fortress of Verruc-

chio, would willingly have made the whole ridge the backbone of their state of Rimini. But this very fact secured for the Sammarinesi the constant friendship of the lords of Urbino, whose magnificent fortress of San Leo is only a few miles beyond the little river Marino which forms the western boundary of the State. Neither power could allow the other to appropriate so invaluable a strategic position. Florence by conquest or a system of commendation absorbed many of the communes of the Apennines, but her influence did not extend so far over the hills, unless indeed in the case of important outlets such as Forlì which commanded a main highway from the Adriatic. The action of Visconti and Sforza was too intermittent in this part of Romagna to be a source of serious danger. But when Cæsar Borgia had mastered all surrounding towns and was consolidating his principality upon the Adriatic, the Samminaresi expected invasion from hour to hour. They appealed in vain to Venice for protection. Cæsar Borgia had little sentiment either religious or republican, and Europe now would be a State the less but for the fateful supper in the gardens of Hadrian of Corneto. The Venetians who succeeded Cæsar at Rimini cared little for the conquest of mountain-towns; they were content if they could appropriate by degrees the seaports of Italy. Far more dangerous was the re-establishment of the papacy under Julius II. in her old nominal dominions. The saint was likely to be but a poor protector against the pope. Paul V. would fain have given San Marino to his notorious nephew Pier Luigi Farnese. It was at this time also that the adventurous Florentine exile Piero Strozzi actually sent troops which were to converge from Bologna and from Rimini on Mount Titano. But night attacks are usually failures. The invading forces apparently walked round and round the frontiers in a snowstorm and retired discomfited at daybreak without a blow on either side.

From this time downwards the fourth of June has been at San Marino, as at Eton, a high holiday. The popes of the seventeenth century behaved with scrupulous moderation towards their tiny neighbor, and entered into formal treaties of alliance. But this dignified calm was followed by the wildest storm that the republic has undergone. Alberoni became legate of the March. He was always characterized by a mania for unexpected annexation. Not discouraged by his failure to conquer

Sardinia and Sicily for Spain, he would at least annex San Marino to the States of the Church. He was indeed the Sir Theophilus Shepstone of the miniature republic. A memorial was drawn up by malcontents, petitioning for annexation, and presented to the pope. The government, it was urged, was objectionably oligarchical, the finances were in a desperate condition, the State-chest was as empty as was found to be that of Pretoria with its humble cash in hand of five shillings and fourpence. On the night of October 17th, 1739, Alberoni occupied the town and castle. On the eighteenth he proclaimed the sovereignty of the pope and ordered all officials to swear alliance in the Collegiate Church. It was then that the veteran general Alfonso Gangi cried in thunderous tones: "On the first of October I swore allegiance to the lawful prince of the republic of San Marino. That oath I now confirm and thus I swear." The result was a national rising. Alberoni is reported to have used the worst of language and to have ignominiously run away. The loss of the Republicans was as little as that of the Boers on Majuba Hill, but Alberoni conducted his retreat with far greater skill than the British officers. His sole loss was his temper and his slipper. The latter is still shown in the museum of the republic,—no measures appear to have been taken for its restoration in the subsequent treaty. The government naturally disavowed its agent. It had been falsely informed of the condition of popular feeling. He was a prancing pro-consul who had exceeded his orders. Such is the authorized patriotic version of the incident. Alberoni's own recital, which may be found in manuscript in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, leaves an impression that there may have been some justification for interference. The governing aristocracy had, it is stated, between 1690 and 1700 become a misgoverning oligarchy. The council of sixty had been reduced to twenty-three, of whom five or six were absentee nobles of other cities, and even this reduced council was manipulated by an inner ring. Against these magnates no debt could be enforced; they tampered with the laws respecting the supply of bread and meat, and were corrupt in the administration of State contracts. They systematically neglected the legal audit of accounts, one of them having refused to produce a statement for a space of twenty years. The taxes fell exclusively on the country folk and on those townspeople who did not truckle to

the dominant clique. The territory had become a sanctuary for forgers, assassins, and bandits from the papal States. Some fifty or sixty malefactors were sheltered by the protection of the Republican government. With reference to this charge it is noticeable that a similar grievance not so many years ago produced some tension in the relations of the republic and the Italian government. In another document Alberoni describes the actual process of annexation. This, he urges, was due to the initiative of the inhabitants themselves, who appealed to the pope to deliver them from misgovernment. Of violence there was no thought. He set out from Rimini in a *caleche*, accompanied only by his chaplain. At Serravalle and the Borgo he was welcomed by deputations and the ringing of bells. No resistance was made to his entry into the city. The people of Fiorentino came to offer homage. Hearing that the malcontents were meditating a disturbance, he sent to Verucchio for a few soldiers, but these were replaced next morning by fifty men from Rimini. Meanwhile, until the arrival of the soldiers, the people of Fiorentino volunteered to guard his house. On Sunday morning the secretary brought the keys of the Rocca, but Alberoni refused to accept them except at the captain's hands, by whom they were subsequently delivered. During the next few days deputations came from the other villages, and the cardinal undertook the re-organization of the State, and for this purpose associated with himself the existing magistracy, especially Onofrio, afterwards one of the leaders of the opposition. He again raised the number of the Council to sixty and divided it into three classes. On Sunday, October 25th, after celebration of mass by the Bishop of Montefeltro, the councillors approached the cardinal's throne to render homage and to take the oath. In the course of this function, much to his surprise, seven protests were raised, beginning with Alfonso Gangi, but the others continued to take the oath, the deputies from the country being peculiarly zealous. Alberoni then made a speech against the tyrants from whom his audience had suffered, and after this the people began to plunder the houses of the malcontents and were with difficulty restrained. In the evening the secretary Martelli sent to pray for pardon, and his example was followed by others. The government of the new acquisition was entrusted to the governor of San Arcangelo, upon which the soldiers and police, with the exception of six men, left

the town. Alberoni's recital does not unfortunately include the circumstances of his own exit, but he states his intention of leaving on October 29th. In the same collection of documents is a letter from one of the Nationalist party, which also stops short of the catastrophe. He attributes Alberoni's unresisted entry to money spread broadcast among mendicants and disreputable rascals, and lays stress upon the terror exercised by the police and soldiers, especially those from the traditionally hostile town of Verucchio. He admits, however, that the rebellious inhabitants of Fiorentino supported the cardinal, and that at first those of Serravalle were seduced by the representations of their parish priest. A short letter also exists in the Bodleian from one of the seven protesters. His house was plundered ten or twelve times after the celebrated mass, not by the people but by the soldiers. He lost the humblest articles of bedroom furniture, his clocks, his inkstand, his sand-sprinkler. Just as his house was about to be burnt, he heard that on application he would be pardoned; upon which he and his associates called upon Alberoni to express regret. A pardon was granted and the property restored — or rather the vestiges that still remained of it.

No doubt *ex parte* statements were made on either side, but it appears not improbable that the inevitable tendency to oligarchy had manifested itself to some degree and that the interests of the country districts had been subordinated to those of the greater families of the town. There is little doubt that the danger had a bracing effect upon the constitution, which might otherwise have fallen to decay. At all events the incident made the fortune of San Marino in history. All Europe, in the much-decried eighteenth century, applauded the gallant little State, and the papacy, it must be confessed, behaved with much generosity. It made another formal treaty and the merry Republicans established another whole holiday.

French Republicanism was shot out suddenly like a load of bricks upon Italy. The Republican general Napoleon, after his victory at Arcola, was astonished to discover a republic so like — or unlike — his own. "Citizens," his agent, Monge, said, "the constitution of the States your neighbors may possibly undergo some modification. If any portion of your frontiers should be absolutely essential to you I am ordered by the commander-in-chief to beg you to let him know." The gov-

ernment with consummate prudence relieved with all the inflation of modern republican style, but begged to be allowed to remain in *piccolessa libert *. Napoleon in his imperial days did the little State a yet kinder and more thoughtful turn. In the readjustment of Italy it would have been included in the new Italian kingdom. Marescalchi, the foreign minister of the new kingdom, consulted the emperor upon the subject. "Upon my word," replied Napoleon, "we really must keep it as a republican specimen." Curiously enough, the existence of the republic does not appear to have strained the relations of Castlereagh and Canning. Garibaldi was the next to ruffle the serenity of the mountain State. His republicanism was apt to be a little inconsiderate. Driven from Rome by Oudinot he suddenly appeared at San Marino at 2 P.M. on May 31st, 1849. On the following day he posted a notice on the collegiate church. "Soldiers! We have reached the land of refuge. Our behavior towards our generous hosts should be without reproach. This land will assure to us the respect which evil fortune merits. From this moment I release my companions in arms from all engagements. They are free to return to private life, but I must remind them that it is better to die than to live the slave of the foreigner. Garibaldi." The hero himself did neither. He ran away in the night with his bravest comrades, took fishing-smacks and made for Venice. His less brave comrades and his generous hosts were left in considerable embarrassment. The Austrian troops at Rimini had threatened to invade the republic if the fugitives were not surrendered. A very reasonable compromise was arrived at. Garibaldi should receive a passport for America; his companions should leave their arms with the authorities of the republic and have full liberty to return to their homes without molestation. The result of Garibaldi's breach of the convention was that his less courageous comrades were imprisoned upon their arrival at Rimini. All good Liberals howled at monarchical perfidy, forgetting some curious incidents which followed the convention of Saratoga. Since that day San Marino has been the happy State that has had no history. The flood-tide of Italian unity levelled all else, but left it high and dry. It is still a sovereign State. Like Turkey it receives tribute from other sovereign States. England pays Turkey tribute for Cyprus; Italy, as will be seen, pays San Marino tribute for tobacco.

It has been said that San Marino is a survival at once unique and not depressing. Neither point has as yet been proved. Several cantons of Switzerland have a constitution perhaps as old, but the growth of Federalism has deprived them of their sovereign character, though not of their constitutional interest. A fairer parallel is Andorre, but its connection with the Bishop of Urgel and its relations to France and Spain both account for and trench upon its sovereign existence. The survival of the principality of Monaco is almost equally curious; but this is of later origin, and differs geographically rather than constitutionally from many a small German principality,—or at all events until recent times find its parallel in such pygmy principalities as Massa and Piombino. Moreover, Monaco, if not Andorre, owes its continued existence perhaps not merely to chance, but to games of chance. More truly than Switzerland may it be called the playground of Europe. It is to the credit of the republic of San Marino that she deliberately refused the bait. Alone perhaps among nations she resisted the advances of that attractive but mysterious tempter, a speculative syndicate. This was the answer of the government to a report that a gambling concession had been granted. "It is not material prosperity that maintains the good renown of free States, but rather the high virtues of Republicans at once proud and simple, the self-denial which in poverty is capable of rejecting riches, the courage which does not fear to stand in the face of danger, the greatness of heart which can contemptuously refuse all that might corrupt the people and injure the public welfare."

But this, the captious reader will urge, tends to prove rather the virtuous than the exhilarating character of the republic. Then let him go to Rimini. Let him prepare himself by vigils, or rather by a sunny morning in the Tempio di Malatesta, the most exquisitely wealthy memorial of the pagan Renaissance. Let him spend an evening hour on the old wooden pier, and follow with his eyes the red and yellow sails tacking as if not to catch the wind but the last rays of the setting sun. Let him watch the bare-legged boys upon the outmost piles fishing with all the patience, not with more than all the success—but with far more than all the beauty—of the fishers of the Thames. Material deficiencies will not dispel his spiritual elation. His dinner will be above reproach; he will eat asparagus early, and he may eat it often. He will remember

that Rimini was not merely a station on, but the terminus of a great Roman road. It keeps its Roman bridge, it keeps its Roman gateway, and there are those who keep horses still worthy of the Roman name. An early start, a pretty drive of a few miles, and the traveller rattles over a bridge which spans the Marignano, and he is out of Italy. He may imagine that he at once sees signs of a more prosperous and less heavily taxed community; he may recall Arthur Young's notable discourse on the effects of government as he passes the pillars that divide Spain from France. Certainly the Samminarese is less niggardly in his treatment of trees. Hitherto nothing has been seen but elms and poplars, most Peruginesque in feathery lightness, for every branch that could be reached has been pared away. On republican soil there are well-grown trees, oaks even which would not disgrace a Hampshire homestead. At all events the three-peaked cap of Liberty is garlanded with flowers. The hill country begins at the township of Serravallo and the slow ascent hence to the Borgo is beguiled by patches of scarlet anemone, tulips, jonquils and narcissus, while to the rock itself cling primroses, in Italy a mountain plant, violets, hepaticas and purple corydalis. The Borgo lies on a small plateau beneath the steep, long ridge with its three crags crowned with castles. This is the business centre of the State; here is held the market, here is the inn, and here the horses are put up. Imbeciles and decrepits may be dragged by oxen hence to the town itself, though the ascent is not so tiring as Highgate Hill or Fitzjohn's Avenue.

The Samminarese farmers seen in the market-place are a good sample of strongly built, well-fed Romagnols. Sales are conducted with much animation. Two sturdy proprietors stand back to back; they turn only to give vent to words which sound like imprecations, while their gesticulations suggest an immediate appeal to fists or knives. A third party stands between the two; he caresses the one, he remonstrates with the other; his hands are raised to heaven; his voice is piteously plaintive. He pulls one by the shoulder, the other by an elbow, and finally by an apparently acrobatic feat he unites their hands. This is no blood-feud forgiven, but a harmless heifer sold.

The city is a tidy, well-built mountain town of some four thousand inhabitants. It has its palaces wherein dwell the aristocracy of the republic, its classical colle-

giate church which serves as its cathedral, its arch-priest being the chief ecclesiastical authority of the republic. The old arcaded palace of the Sovereign Council has recently been encased in a larger if not so interesting a structure. High above the town stands the capitol, the Rocca. This is the point of culminating interest in the state. Hence on high holidays floats the blue and white banner of the republic, and here are the curious clock and splendid old bell which summon to popular assembly or to council. Few views have more varied historic interest than that from the tower-top. It commands the territory of the whole republic, corresponding almost exactly to the detached block of Mount Titano. The duller traveller must feel a thrill as he stands in such a spot. He is on the acropolis of the solitary aristocracy or polity that has survived in Europe, a state that, technicalities apart, has remained unchanged for over fourteen centuries. Beneath him is Ariminum (Rimini), for long the limit of Rome's republic. Beyond it is the Rubicon, the beginning of the empire. Around the mountain's base had surged succeeding waves of Goths and Greeks, the hosts of Alaric and Theodoric, of Belisarius and Narses. This rocky, sunny land is the forcing-house of Renaissance culture. From Verucchio to Rimini we trace the Malatestas from their cradle to their grave, saints and sinners, men of blood and men of letters. Hard by is the land of the dukes of Urbino, Montefeltro, and della Rovere. Francesco, their greatest, saved probably the existence of the republic. Readers of "John Inglesant" will recognize in the Duke of Umbria the last of these two illustrious lines. Cæsar Borgia had drawn a ring fence around the mountain. San Leo was the scene of his most successful treachery, taken with its own cannon lent by a too confiding friend. Here too an earlier and greater Spaniard, Cardinal Albornoz, had re-established the claims of the Babylonish papacy. The skirt of Pesaro is the hem of the garment of Catherine Sforza, wife for her third venture of Giovanni delle Bande Nere, ancestress of grand dukes of Tuscany, to whom France and Spain owe queens, and Brazil an empress.

Interesting, however, as are the personal and political associations of the stretch of country around the mountain's base, yet to some the constitutional interest of the town itself will be more unique in kind. San Marino is a sanctuary for old Italian municipal forms and usages, driven from

shelter to shelter before the march of national centralization. The existing constitution is a living lesson on mediæval history. Fortunately, also, it not only exists in practice but in print, for the statutes of the republic were published at Forlì in 1854, and in their more essential constitutional features there has been little change. Theoretically, sovereignty in the last resort belongs to the people, and of old this was practically exercised by the Arengo, which thus has some correspondence in meaning and functions to the Florentine Parlamento. The Samminaresi, however, were wiser than the Florentines. When the increase of population and territory rendered a gathering of the whole people an incompetent engine of legislation, the Arengo was not allowed to remain as a mischievous survival with ill-defined authority at the mercy of the governmental wire-pullers. The prerogatives which were reserved to the Arengo were small but definite. By the clang of the great bell and the voice of the crier each household is summoned, under penalty of a fine, to send one member to the General Assembly when it shall seem good to the captains to convoke it. Here by statute the election of officials is proclaimed, a statement of receipts and expenditure is published, as also regulations respecting roads and watercourses, woodlands, watch and ward. Had the communal property been more considerable, the General Assembly might have retained more power. But whereas many of the Apennine communes in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries wrested, or more probably recovered, from the local lordlings the manorial or common lands, in San Marino, the enclosure of the common field appears to have been singularly early, and in this respect the republic is exceptionally modern, or, as the advocates of land nationalization would urge, exceptionally retrograde. Possibly the most important right that still remained to the Arengo was that of petition and of the presentation of grievance. But supply was rendered independent of petition. It was after the accession of territory granted by Pius II. in 1465 that the constitution of the State was fundamentally altered — a change much more sweeping than the closing of the Council at Venice. The people now delegated its sovereignty to the Council, which was raised to sixty members, of whom forty represented the town and twenty the country districts. As in most Italian councils numerically named, and as in all statistics, the figures

did not represent the facts, but were conveniently elastic.

In 1600 an order of Patricians was established, to which was given one-third of the representation, and the Council now consists of twenty *nobili*, twenty *artisti*, artisans and shopkeepers, and twenty *contadini*, agriculturists. The harmony of the republic is undisturbed by general elections, for the Council is recruited by co-optation. The members must be at least twenty-five years of age, and sit for life unless disqualified by crime or clerical orders. As of old at Venice, precautions are taken that family rings should not dominate the State, for but one member from each family may be chosen, and if personal interests are discussed in council the statutes provide that relations to the third degree shall leave the hall. Some of the regulations for the conduct of business are noteworthy. The Assembly begins with prayer. The *Arengetores* are chosen by lot, who deliver their speech and give their vote first. The wearisome initiative of the professional bore is thus avoided, and the sensible but tentative and retiring member is forced to make up his mind and to extemporize his speech. No member is permitted to speak twice without special leave, and those who interrupt are fined. With such a rule the House of Commons could pay its clerks and subsidize its kitchen.

Members of Council, as those of the House of Commons in good old days, had their privileges. They could not be imprisoned for small debts. There may possibly be as in England an agitation for payment of members. The main object of the select candidate of the future will be to pay its debts, which after all is more conducive to the happiness of the greater number than the avoidance of their payment.

The composition of the Council is naturally a matter of supreme importance, for the State may be saddled with an incompetent legislator for the term of his natural life, it being a matter of common experience that the most incompetent legislators are neither criminally nor clerically inclined. Thus whereas in the election of executive officers for short terms from among the ranks of the Council lot is a constant element, in this the responsibility is fixed upon those who nominate the candidate. This is quite in accordance with the Aristotelian doctrine that the less important offices only should be filled by lot. Each of the captains may nominate two persons whose names are read aloud

by the chancellor. Each member of the Council may then make one nomination, after which the names are put to the vote. Relations to the third degree are not allowed to vote for their kindred.

A Council of Twelve likewise exists which may be mentioned for the sake of correcting the false impression that it is in any sense a second chamber or an upper house. Its functions are mainly judicial or magisterial. It is interesting chiefly from the mixed methods of vote and lot so familiar to those acquainted with the Venetian Constitution. The statutes provide that sixteen members of the Grand Council be drawn by lot, eight from the town, and eight from the country. From each of these bodies four are then chosen by ballot. The members hold office for a year, but in order that, in university phraseology, "the standard of the school may be preserved," four members of the previous year are added, a practice which was also prevalent in the judicial committees, the *Quarantie* of Venice.

At the head of the executive stand the two captains regent. To them the statutes assign the sovereign authority and the power of the sword. They may not enter foreign service, nor leave the territory of the republic for more than a fortnight, under penalty of a heavy fine and eternal infamy. They draw a small salary, and during their six months of office are free from all state burdens. The elections take place at the end of March and September. Twelve names are drawn by lot. Each of the persons so drawn secretly nominates a candidate to a committee consisting of the existing captains, the chancellor, and two of the twelve preceding captains. Of the number so nominated six are selected by vote, and their names are placed on slips in three pairs. These slips are tightly rolled and inserted into the middle of oval beads of ivory or wax. One pair is then drawn by a young boy before the altar of San Marino, after celebration of the mass, the other two slips are then destroyed. The candidates must be resident natives, qualified by age and character. For so small a state as San Marino the *divieto*, or temporary disqualification, is somewhat wide. None of those whose names were drawn as nominators may be elected, no one who has been captain for the previous twelve years, and no nominator is permitted to propose a relation. The captains enter office on May first, and October first, and these are gala days in the republican

calendar. The new captains and the old meet in the Palazzo Comunale and proceed in state accompanied by a guard of honor to the church. Here mass is celebrated, the existing captains sitting upon their thrones in the chancel, the selected candidates immediately below them in the aisle. Then in the great hall an *egregius ludi literaris*, or the State schoolmaster, or one of his best pupils, makes a Latin oration dwelling upon the greatness of the office and the responsibilities which it entails. This concluded, the new consuls take the oath and receive from their predecessors the standard, keys, and seals of the republic.

During the time of office the executive and judicial functions are very onerous, and it was foreseen that the men most capable of governing would be the most disposed to avoid the burden. But political abstention is in San Marino, as in well-ordered republics of old, a crime. A refusal to be elected is by statute followed by deprivation of citizenship, eternal infamy and a heavy fine. Against this there is no appeal, and a penalty is even inflicted on any who should plead in the recusant's behalf. At the close of office the captains as all other officials undergo the scrutiny to which Aristotle attributes so much importance. Two names for this purpose are drawn by a boy from the roll of all the Council, and the two persons thus drawn publicly nominate two others to serve as syndics. These are compelled to deliver judgment within a very short period, so that the captains' anxiety as to the result of the scrutiny is not of long duration. The only other executive officer whom it is necessary to mention is the general. To him is entrusted the security of the republic, the command of the troops, and the appointment of their officers. The standing army consists of a select guard of honor for state occasions, but the liability to service appears to be universal, though the statutes provide that the general may call out one member from each small family and two from the larger, exemption being given to doctors, scholars, and officials. The office of general has no regular duration, and owing to its more permanent character it appears to have acquired a political importance that was not contemplated in the statutes, so that it may almost be described as a permanent secretaryship of state. It is, however, temporarily delegated, if the general be elected captain, in order that the highest officer of the republic may not also wield its military power.

The administration of justice retains some very characteristic features of mediæval Italian life. It was believed throughout a large portion of northern and central Italy that impartiality could only be secured by the appointment of a foreigner to the highest judicial office. In San Marino the chief judicial adviser of the State, the *commissario della legge*, is still a foreigner, and so also are the six or eight handsomely dressed policemen. The penal code fills a large portion of the statute book and is well worth perusal, though it has been radically modified in accordance with the humanistic principles or prejudices of modern times. Capital punishment has been abolished. There is no *Judenhetze*. Of old the San Marino noble who hoped to rise to political eminence on the ducats of a Jewish heiress, lost possibly his heart but certainly his head, and that of his wife to boot. He would to-day but lose consideration. That, however, in San Marino counts for much, perhaps for more.

Two of the three castles which crown the peaks of Mount Titano are unoccupied, but the Capitol serves as the State Prison. On the occasion of a recent visit it was unusually full. Not only had a *poveretto* been confined for several months for being too ready with his knife, but a party of four, including a woman, were lodged in gaol on a charge of murder, the only such incident for seven years. They were found in a tavern with the body of the murdered man, and none would give evidence against the other. Little sympathy was expressed for the victim, one of the least reputable members of the community, and indeed knife-play seemed to be regarded, as in certain other quarters, as a gentlemanly vice, and to minister to the creature comforts of the offenders while in gaol was clearly not abhorrent to popular opinion. The commoner offences are characteristic of a hot-blooded people as all Romagnols are, and of a well-to-do population as all Romagnols are not. Offences against women are tolerably frequent, robbery very rare, because the people are prosperous. Drunkenness is common, especially on market days, for wine is cheap and farmers rich. "Of course," said the writer's guide, "they drink, for wine costs little." It is in all probability the poverty and over-taxation of south European nations that keep them sober rather than their nature or religion. A French traveller of the last century noticed that the Catalonians who worked and made money always drank, the Spaniards

were idle, poor, and sober. Drunkenness, he added, was the outward and visible sign of industry.

Citizenship of the republic is most jealously guarded and with reason. Who would not wish to become a native of a territory singularly healthy, and enjoy an almost complete immunity from rates and taxes? A few market dues there may be, and the landed proprietors are required to send their quota of stone to repair the roads, but of taxes there are none. Formerly a salt monopoly, that well-fought bone of contention on the neighboring Adriatic shores, appears to have been a principal source of revenue. The expenses of government are now mainly supported by a sum paid by the Italian government in compensation for the prohibition of tobacco-growing by State authority. Such a revenue is due rather to a happy accident than to economic skill; but it is fair to bear in mind that even before this arrangement State burdens were extremely slight. Official salaries are small and much work is practically unpaid; where the *honos* is, there falls the *onus*. To serve the republic is a sufficient guerdon.

In such a State can there be any political discontent? Are there those who think that a co-optative council is an anachronism and that the form of the republic is an oligarchy? The writer, being one disposed to cling to a bright past rather than to leap into the dark future was startled to see the writing on the wall, *Viva il suffragio universale!* He has since been assured on the highest possible authority that this was the handiwork of some eccentric individual, or of some scatter-brained youth craving for novelty, and that such ridiculous manifestations are by the sane majority of the citizens noticed only with a pitying smile. Ridiculous indeed would be the application of the nostrums of modern Democracy to this ancient State. It would be to mistake the whole basis of old Italian citizenship. At San Marino, as at Florence, citizenship consists not in the right to elect but in the right to be elected, and from this no class is excluded. It is true that vacancies in the Council occur but rarely, but each family may live in hope. Moreover the State imitates the Venetian model in very large numbers of governmental officers. These not only give to many households a stake in the government, but they provide a gradual training for the higher posts. The statutes indeed present, except in respect of land, an al-

most perfect picture of State Socialism; the butchers and bakers have well-nigh the place of governmental functionaries, and the schoolmaster is appointed year by year. The State doctor inspects the chemists' shops and is bound on curiously satisfactory evidence of illness to visit the sick. Goats are prohibited from working their sweet but wayward will, indeed, as in many Apennine communes, they are forbidden entrance to the State.

Such is the character of the miniature republic which Machiavelli might well have classed with Sparta, Rome, and Venice among the most durable of States, and which all but satisfies the *criteria* of the Aristotelian aristocracy, a government founded not on birth, nor wealth, nor numbers, but on merit. Survival though it be, it is not without its lessons for the statecraft of the future. It is the final term in the development of local government. There may yet be those who hesitate to believe that all history consists in progress, who still furtively cherish the doctrine of recurring cycles, who believe with Machiavelli that in politics as in religion it is needful from time to time to revert to simpler and purer forms. To such the older masterpieces may still serve as models and not as curiosities. When all the larger political *carnivora* shall meet and rend each other in the great national bear-garden, when central administration shall have become yet more impossible, then there will be space and air for local government and worthy functions for local aristocracy. There may even now be citizens of large States taxed beyond endurance for fancies not their own, who cry with the Samminarese noble when robbed of his household goods by the representative of centralization and consolidation, *Magnus est Sanctus Marinus*.

EDWARD ARMSTRONG.

From Temple Bar.

BESS OF HARDWICK.

THE Tudor Age was a marrying age. It is probably almost literally true that every schoolboy knows how many wives Henry VIII. had. His paternal grandmother, the Lady Margaret, had set an example of frequent marriage. She had four husbands, and lost the second before she was sixteen. Nor was the example of Henry neglected. His own widow, Katherine Parr, who had married two

widowers before she became Henry's wife, married again within a few weeks of his death, when she was only thirty-four. Queen Elizabeth, it is true, never married, but she indemnified herself by the number of suitors whom she encouraged. The courtiers were not behind their royal masters and mistresses in marrying and giving in marriage: Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the favorite of Henry VIII., married four times; Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who died on Tower Hill in Elizabeth's reign, had buried two wives before he lost his head, at the age of thirty-six, in the attempt to win as his third, Mary, Queen of Scots, who had had three husbands before she was twenty-five, after which age her captivity prevented any further matrimonial project being carried out, though several were discussed.

Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury by her last marriage, followed the custom so fashionable in her time. She married early and she married often. She had a fortune of her own, and she married four wealthy husbands; she acquired the whole fortune of two of these, and the enjoyment of a large income from each of the others.

She was proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling. She was a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money lender, a farmer, and a merchant of coals and timber. . . . She lived to a great old age, continually flattered but seldom deceived, and died immensely rich, but without a friend.

Although she had some importance in the political history of her time, she is best remembered as the builder of three great houses, Chatsworth, Hardwick and Oldcotes, of which one, "Hardwick Hall, with more glass than wall," stands as she left it. Tradition says that it had been foretold that she would not die so long as she kept on building, and that at the age of eighty-six she died only because a hard frost stopped her bricklayers. She was fortunate in surviving previous frosts.

The future countess was the daughter of John Hardwick, of Hardwick, a Derbyshire squire, whose fortune ultimately came to her. In deference to modern usage she is called "Bess of Hardwick" in the title to this article, though her contemporaries did not speak of her so unceremoniously. While still a young child she came to London on a visit to Lady Zouch, a relative of her family. Lady Zouch had another visitor in the house, Robert Barley, a Derbyshire landowner; he was out of health and confined to his

room, and Lady Zouch, instead of keeping Elizabeth in the nursery, employed her to tend and amuse the invalid. This the artless child did so effectually that he recovered sufficiently to make her his wife, though not to enjoy much connubial felicity, for he died in 1533, leaving his widow not yet twelve years old. Her friends had taken care that he should not be left unprovided for, and the whole of the Barley estate passed to the young widow absolutely.

Elizabeth was therefore no unfitting match for her second husband, Sir William Cavendish, one of King Henry's officials, who had taken a leading part in the dissolution of the religious houses, and obtained for himself an assignment of priory or abbey lands in at least seven counties. Sir William Cavendish, who was a Suffolk man and had been married twice before, yielded to Elizabeth's desire that he should settle in her county, and thus came to buy the estate of Chatsworth, which has since been so well known as the seat of their descendants, the dukes of Devonshire. Sir William and Elizabeth were married in 1547—for some unrecorded reason, very early in the morning, "at two o'clock after midnight." The lady soon set her husband to work on a new house at Chatsworth. The mansion cost £80,000 of the money of the day, representing five or six times as much of ours, and was unfinished when Sir William died, after ten years' married life with Elizabeth.

The lady was thus left a widow for the second time, with three sons and three daughters, a very large income, and the congenial task of finishing Chatsworth. The duties and pleasures of widowhood, however, failed to satisfy her active mind. Another widower, Sir William St. Loo, captain of the guard to the queen, wooed and, being very wealthy, won the widow, but subject to the condition that the whole of his large fortune should come to her, to the exclusion of his family by an earlier marriage. She seems to have lived happily with Sir W. St. Loo, and, so far as we know, she had done so with Sir William Cavendish. The violent temper, which was conspicuous in her later years, may not yet have manifested itself. She spent much of her time at Chatsworth, carrying on the building operations, while her husband's duties detained him at court. We have, in consequence, a series of letters in most affectionate terms from Sir William St. Loo to his wife, "whom I tender more," says the enamored knight,

"than I do William Seyntlo." The captain of the guard, though an affectionate husband, was apparently not a scholar of the first order. "All thy friends here saluteth thee," he writes to his wife, — an assurance apostolical in sentiment but hardly orthodox in grammar. And he ends his letter with the decidedly pleonastic subscription: "Thy right worshipful good master and most honest husband, Master Sir William Seyntlo, Esquire." In other letters he calls his wife his "own sweet Besse," and his "honest sweet Chatsworth," and tells her that his heart aches until they meet, and so on. Her next husband was destined to address to her expressions of equal tenderness; but Sir William St. Loo, *felix opportunitate mortis*, differed from his successor in not living to find her out.

Lady St. Loo, left a widow for the third time, continued for a while the education of her children, and the works at Chatsworth, until the next successful suitor appeared. He came in the person of an influential neighbor, George, Earl of Shrewsbury, who was almost, if not quite, the wealthiest nobleman in England, and who usually lived at Sheffield, eighteen miles from Chatsworth. Even Lady St. Loo, with a taste for wealthy husbands, intensified as it must have become by indulgence, could not have felt disparaged in marrying the earl, who had lands and houses in Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, Herefordshire, Oxfordshire, Cheshire, Wiltshire, Leicestershire, and Gloucestershire, as well as in London and its neighborhood. He could offer other attractions, for he had sons and daughters unmarried, and the widow had daughters and sons of a marriageable age according to the ideas of the day. Lady St. Loo consented to give her hand and heart to the earl in consideration of his settling a large jointure on her, and marrying his second son, Gilbert Talbot, to her daughter Mary Cavendish, and his daughter Grace to her son Henry Cavendish. These preliminary alliances were duly effected in 1568, one of the brides, Mary, being then not quite twelve years old. The parents were married soon after.

The earl and countess spent most of the early part of their wedded life at Sheffield Castle, and for some years things went on smoothly enough. The earl's letters to his wife, when he was at court and she was in the country, abound in expressions of affection. She is his jewel and dear heart; of all earthly joys he thanks God

chiefest for her. Without her, death is more pleasant than life, if he thought he should be long from her. Her tenderness towards him was manifested by more than terms of endearment; she sends him venison and puddings, a dozen of which he gave to Lady Cobham, and others to the lord steward and Earl of Leicester, keeping some for his own use. On another occasion he has to thank her for a baken capon which she has sent him, "and chiefest of all," he politely adds, "for remembering me." He assisted the countess in her matrimonial schemes for the benefit of her children. We find him writing to Lord Burghley, the great lord treasurer, on the subject in 1572. Lord Shrewsbury writes to say that he has just heard of Lord Wharton's death, and that the Earl of Sussex has the wardship of his son. His house and lands are near Lord Shrewsbury's, and Lady Shrewsbury has a daughter of young Wharton's years whom Lord Shrewsbury wants to prefer in marriage. If Lord Sussex will part with the young gentleman, Lord Shrewsbury will give as much as another for the marriage. "Pray be a means," says he to Burghley, "between us to obtain this request which my wife and I earnestly desire." Nothing came of the negotiation, nor of several others which followed it. "Indeed, there are few noblemen's sons in England," wrote Lord Shrewsbury, some years after, "that she hath not prayed me to deal for at one time or another."

Shortly after the marriage of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, Queen Elizabeth committed to the earl's custody Mary, the unfortunate Scottish queen, who had thrown herself on the protection of her English cousin. This charge the earl had to sustain for nearly sixteen years, and it was a very heavy one. Mary's household was at first a large one; she had to be closely guarded, and forty soldiers, at least, were kept at Sheffield Castle for the purpose; armed men watched her day and night, "both under her windows, over her chamber, and on every side her; so that, unless she could transform herself into a flea or a mouse, it was impossible that she could escape." The task of the sentinels was dreary enough; one of them cheered himself in the night-watches by the composition of a poem entitled "The Reward of Wickedness." Shrewsbury writes to Lord Burghley in 1571, saying that he does not allow the queen to go outside the castle, and only suffers her to walk on the leads or in his

large dining-room or the courtyard, when he or his countess accompanies her. Year after year the earl had to stop at Sheffield, almost a prisoner in his own castle, for, though his health was bad and he suffered from gout, or "the enemy," as he called it, he was sure of a reprimand if he suggested a journey even to Buxton in search of relief for his complaint. The Buxton waters were already in such high repute that sufferers would drink eight pints a day. An addition to the unpleasantness of the earl's duty was derived from the remembrance that Mary was heir to the throne, and that Elizabeth was childless, so that by her death his prisoner might any day become his sovereign. He seems to have served Elizabeth with unswerving fidelity. It was, however, not her habit to spoil a good servant by extravagant rewards or gratitude. She was continually suspecting Shrewsbury and telling him so; she forbade his own children to visit him; she grumbled because his son Gilbert's wife, the countess's daughter Mary, gave birth to a child at Sheffield Castle, and so strict were her injunctions against the admission of strangers, that the earl christened the child himself to avoid the necessity of sending for a clergyman. When quarrels arose between the earl and his tenants, the queen sided with the latter; when the earl desired access to her presence, she refused it; when he addressed piteous appeals to her or the Council, he could not get written replies, but only messages by word of mouth to his agents, which could be explained away if it became necessary to do so.

When he first undertook the charge of the Scottish queen, Elizabeth allowed him an annual sum, though it was inadequate, and he had to defray part of the expense of Mary's custody and maintenance out of his own pocket; but after a time his thrifty sovereign diminished this too scanty allowance. He was driven to hint that he would be compelled to sell his plate, and he actually did at one time reduce his prisoner's dinners till they consisted of "few dishes and bad meat in them," as she piteously laments. A last straw was added to his load when, the relations between him and his countess having become unfriendly, she accused him of making love to his unfortunate captive, for whom he seems to have felt nothing but dislike. Mary was naturally furious, and it was probably under the influence of her excitement that she wrote the scandalous undated letter to the queen that is found

in the Hatfield collection. In this she details, in language too plain to be transcribed, a series of incredible charges against Elizabeth of misconduct in her relations with her suitors and admirers, and a number of instances of her vanity, frivolity, and other failings, which it is much easier to believe. Mary said that she had learned all this from the Countess of Shrewsbury, and of course that she did not believe a word of it herself, knowing too well the disposition of the countess, and her feeling towards Elizabeth. She went on to relate, with evident enjoyment, how the countess had said that the queen's passion for admiration was such that it would be worth Mary's while to bring forward her son James (aged eighteen at the probable date of the letter) as an admirer of the queen (then aged about fifty-one). When Mary had said that the queen would think that she was making fun of her the countess had denied it, and said that her Majesty was as vain of her beauty as if she was a goddess from heaven. The countess had said, so Mary went on to allege, that the queen took such pleasure in utterly extravagant flatteries that those around her pretended to be unable to look her in the face because it shone like the sun. When the countess and her daughter Elizabeth were last in the royal presence they dared not meet one another's eye for fear of breaking into laughter at the stories they were palming off on the queen. At Sheffield Castle the countess used to mimic Elizabeth, and laugh at her so unreservedly before Mary and her attendants, so says the letter, that she had to keep the latter out of the countess's presence.

Perhaps as Mary's malicious pen sped over the paper she was remembering an often-recorded interview which had taken place at Hampton Court years before, when Mary was still a free queen, and could send ambassadors to Elizabeth as an equal, and was smiling at the thought of the English queen's attempt to extract from Sir James Melvil an admission that she was lovelier than his Scottish mistress. Elizabeth only got from the polite but patriotic Scot the diplomatic answer that she was the fairest lady in England, and Mary was the fairest lady in Scotland.

"But," persisted Elizabeth "which is the taller?"

"My mistress," said Sir James.

"Then she must be too tall," said Elizabeth, "for I am neither too high nor too low."

Such recollections would not diminish Mary's enjoyment in playing the part of a very candid friend in reference to Elizabeth's personal attractions. Probably, however, Elizabeth never saw the letter, possibly it was never sent. At all events no notice seems to have been taken of the countess's alleged slander of Queen Elizabeth. She was, however, cited before the Council for speaking evil of her husband and the Scottish queen. She, of course, protested that she was innocent. Her denial, if it satisfied anybody, failed to appease her husband. When he was relieved of his duties as Mary's keeper and her custody was committed to other hands, which welcome change took place during the controversies which arose over the scandal about Mary and the earl, so that he became free to leave both the Scottish queen and his wife, he thanked Elizabeth for delivering him from two devils.

Before the countess quarrelled with her illustrious captive she had procured through her a very distinguished match for her daughter, Elizabeth Cavendish. We have seen Lord Shrewsbury trying to purchase through the lord treasurer a young gentleman for this young lady. Negotiations in other quarters had also failed, and in 1574 she was married to the young Earl of Lennox, first cousin and brother-in-law to Mary Queen of Scots. He was a younger brother of Darnley, her second husband. This marriage brought down Elizabeth's wrath on the countess's head, and she was put into custody for a time. Elizabeth had an objection to most marriages, and in this case the husband was rather near the throne. The only child of the marriage was the ill-fated Arabella Stuart.

Mary, the wife of Gilbert Talbot was a daughter who enjoyed much of the countess's favor. The younger lady seems to have had a temper equal in strength to her mother's, and no less vigor in expressing her feelings. On one occasion she sent a message to Sir Thomas Stanhope, a neighbor with whom she was not on good terms, which was thus delivered by the messenger:—

My lady hath commanded me to say thus much to you, that though you be more wretched, vile, and miserable than any creature living, and for your wickedness become more ugly in shape than the vilest toad in the world, and one to whom none of any reputation would vouchsafe to send any message, yet she hath thought good to send so much to you,—that she be contented you should live

(and doth no ways wish your death), but to this end that all the plagues and miseries which may befall any man, may light upon such a caitiff as you are, and that you should live to have all your friends forsake you; and without your great repentance, which she looketh not for because your life has been so bad, you will be damned perpetually in hell fire.

The bearer of the message in recording it says that "if he had failed in anything it was in speaking it more mildly, and not in terms of such disdain as he was commanded."

We have many letters from this lady's husband, Gilbert Talbot, sending the latest London news to his father at Sheffield. One morning Gilbert was walking, about eight o'clock, in the Tilt Yard at Whitehall when the queen incautiously appeared at one of the windows of the palace whilst she was still "unreddy and in her night-stuffe." She pretended to be dreadfully shocked, and when she saw him in the afternoon she gave him a great "phylipp" on the forehead, and somewhat unnecessarily told the lord chamberlain, who was standing near, about the misadventure of the morning, and how ashamed she was. Another of Gilbert's letters is addressed to the countess, and shows that he thought that there was a tender spot in the old lady's heart, and that she could be amused by the prattle of her grandchildren when their parents were in favor.

George is very well [writes Gilbert to his mother-in-law] he drinketh every day to Lady Grandmother; rideth to her very often, yet within the court; and if he have any spice I tell him Lady Grandmother is come and will see him; which he then will either quickly hide or quickly eat; and then asks where Lady Danmodé is.

The union of his son Gilbert with the countess's daughter was probably an unfortunate one for the earl. Gilbert's violent wife and mother-in-law drew him into antagonism with his father, in spite of the father's evident affection for his son. The earl epigrammatically expresses his opinion of his wife and her daughter, "neither barrel better herring," but he adds that he would not have his son hate his wife though he himself detests her mother. Within seven or eight years after the earl and his son Gilbert had married the mother and daughter we find Gilbert writing to his mother-in-law to complain of his father's unhandsome conduct in giving him the tester and curtains of the old green and red bed, and those of the bed that Gilbert and his wife usually

lay in, and two very old counterpanes, instead of the bed of cloth of gold and tawny velvet that the countess had promised. It is evident that the countess took care to keep alive any little soreness of this kind. Her frequent visits to Chatsworth to superintend the building operations annoyed the earl, who was probably not pre-eminently patient even when he had no gout to irritate him. He said that he had often cursed the buildings at Chatsworth for robbing him of her company, but as he also said that, when they were together, she scolded like the lowest of her sex, it is difficult to see that he lost much. The quarrel, though rendered more bitter by bad temper on all sides, sprang in part from the root of all evil. Husband and wife both wanted the enjoyment of the income of the Cavendish property. Two of the countess's sons, William and Charles Cavendish, sided with her—in deed, they were interested parties, for the earl had made conveyances in their favor of part of the property in question. The disputes reached their height after 1582, when, on the death of the earl's eldest son, Gilbert Talbot became heir apparent to the earldom. They continued to edify the public year after year. The queen, the lord treasurer, the lord chancellor, the lord chief justice, the master of the rolls, the Earl of Leicester and others tried in turn to settle the matter by authority or mediation. At one time Lady Shrewsbury, who since her last marriage had finished Chatsworth, and was now in possession of Hardwick, and had made large investments in land, plaintively assures the Council that her highest hope is to find some friend for meat and drink and so to end her life. At another time, on the earl's going to Chatsworth, his stepson William Cavendish refused him admission, with pistol in hand and halberd under his girdle.

The queen and Council sought to end the matter by adjudging £500 a year to the earl out of the Chatsworth property and the rest to the countess. Thereupon she seems to have been anxious to return and live with him, but to this he had a decided objection. He said that for many years she had large sums from him which she had spent in buying lands for her younger sons, and now she wished to be maintained by him whilst her children had the property. This was too much to concede to a wife who, he alleged, not only mocked and mowed at him, but called him knave, fool, and beast to his face. At last the queen tried the effect of a personal

interview with the earl and countess, and gave them the benefit of a royal exhortation with such success that husband and wife "in good sort departed together very comfortably."

The reconciliation unhappily did not last long. The countess is found soon after complaining that the earl hardly ever comes to see her, and in spite of his promises to the queen, has withdrawn his provisions and does not even let her have enough fire. The queen and Council, however, do not seem to have been inclined to take any active steps to coerce the old man, but the queen sought to bring him to a more Christian frame of mind, writing a letter to "her very good old man" in which she tried to persuade him to permit his wife sometimes to have access to him. He also had some good advice to the same effect in a letter from the Bishop of Lichfield. The earl was lord lieutenant of Staffordshire, and just before the bishop wrote there had been a meeting of justices at which the bishop was present. After the ordinary business was finished the magistrates went into committee for the purpose of discussing the relations between the lord lieutenant and his wife. The bishop informs the earl of the fact, and then proceeds with his own exhortation. He anticipates the earl's natural reply.

Some will say in your Lordship's behalf that the Countess is a sharp and bitter shrew, and therefore like enough to shorten your life if she should keep you company. Indeed, my Lord, I have heard some say so; but if shrewdness and sharpness may be a just cause of separation of man and wife, I think few men in England would keep their wives long, for it is a common jest, yet true in some sense, that there is but one shrew in all the world and every man hath her, and so every man might be rid of his wife that would be rid of a shrew.

A few weeks after the earl received the bishop's letter he was no more. He had suffered very much from gout in his last years; his letters are full of the subject. He found a sympathizer in Lord Burghley, a fellow-sufferer, and he sent the lord treasurer remedies for trial. He had sought distraction from his troubles in superintending the preparation of a large and stately monument to his own memory, which was erected before his death where it now stands in the Shrewsbury Chapel in the parish church at Sheffield. He had a long Latin epitaph written for him by Foxe the martyrologist, and engraved on the monument. The epitaph was not al-

lowed to contain any mention of his offending countess, and the space where the date of his death was to be placed was necessarily left blank during his life. The old man is said to have foretold that his successors would not take the trouble to supply the deficiency, and the blank did remain unfilled for two centuries after his death. This took place in November, 1590, the old countess then became dowager, and saw her daughter Mary reign at Sheffield Castle as Earl Gilbert's consort.

While the old earl lay dying, his successor, Gilbert, was at Rufford. One of Gilbert's little daughters was in London, and we have in a letter written to him, two days after his father had died and before the news reached London, an interesting glimpse of a little scene at court and a view of Queen Elizabeth in a more pleasing light than usual. One of her gentlemen ushers, who was a tenant of the Shrewsbury family, wrote to the new earl:—

If I should write how much her Majesty this day did make of the little lady your daughter with often kissing, which her Majesty seldom useth with any, and then amending her dressing with pins and still carrying her with her Majesty in her own barge and so homeward from the running, ye would scarce believe me. Her Majesty said, as true it is, she is very like my lady her grandmother; she behaved herself with such modesty as I pray God she may possess at twenty years old.

The scene described in this letter took place at some festivities held on November 19th, St. Elizabeth's day, in honor of the queen. St. Elizabeth owed her canonization to a miracle which happened on the occasion of "a comely young man too gaily habited" paying her a visit. She undertook to pray for him, and though he retired some distance from her, the fervor of her devotion was too much for him, and he called out that she was destroying him. Her maidens ran to him and found that he was on fire. Elizabeth, therefore, ceased to pray, and the young man became a Franciscan. A sarcastic commentator on the legend remarks that Queen Elizabeth resembled the saint only in name and fondness for practising on the weakness of comely young men.

The countess dowager spent most of her fourth and final widowhood at Hardwick, the home of her childhood, and found occupation in building a new mansion there. Unlike the other great mansions which she built, it stands to this day. It was probably finished about 1597, and

bears her initials E. S. conspicuously worked into a stone parapet round the roof. She found time also to indulge another old habit, that of quarrelling with her family. She was soon at war with her son-in-law, Earl Gilbert over money matters, and became estranged from his wife. She appealed to the lord treasurer on the subject of the insufficient share of the spoils of her fourth husband which his son was willing to let her have. Though the sum she was willing to take was small in comparison of her rights, she wrote, yet the new earl raised objections and took advantage of her yielding disposition. She had an old quarrel with her son Henry, who had not sided with her against her husband, and now her youngest son, Sir Charles, fell under her displeasure. Even her amiable granddaughter, Arabella Stuart, could not retain her favor.

The old countess, who was about seventy when her last husband died, survived him sixteen or seventeen years. Very late in life she began building the mansion at Oldcotes, where the fatal stoppage of the bricklayers by frost is said to have occurred. She had made some preparations for the future. Like her last husband, she had a monument for her tomb erected in her life. It stands in All Saints Church, Derby, and bears an inscription recording all her marriages, but no details of the pecuniary benefits she received from her husbands. She also executed a will and recognized the importance of the step by invoking the assistance of eighteen witnesses. In this will the testatrix, apparently without a suspicion that her example could fail to be edifying, exhorts her children to unity. She made bequests in favor of her son William and also her son Henry and her granddaughter Arabella, who were then enjoying her favor.

And whereas [she continued] there hath been unkindness offered me by my son-in-law, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and my daughter his wife, and likewise by my son Charles Cavendish by their means, I do omit all wrongs and injuries which they have done against me, and do pray God to bless them.

With her prayers she expected them to be contented. She left them nothing else by her will. A few years after she made a codicil striking out all the bequests to her son Henry and Arabella Stuart, and shortly before her death she made another codicil, showing that she had considerably relented towards her son Charles, for she left a large legacy to his sons, and that

her alleged forgiveness of her daughter Mary was no mere pretence, for she gave her a "pearl bed and all that belongs to it in that chamber except the hangings."

Whilst the old lady was on her death-bed, her children and step-children were plotting and counter-plotting, as their letters show, and arranging to seize her effects as soon as the breath should be out of her body. The end came in February, 1608. The will was soon opened, and five days after her death we find a disappointed friend, Sir J. Bentley, complaining that he had got nothing out of her "except a dirty journey to London to witness her last will."

The funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Matthew, Archbishop of York, a prelate of such genial manners that his contemporaries found it difficult to prefix "doctor" or "bishop" or other title to his name, and often spoke of him simply as Toby Matthew. The cheerful prelate gave an instance of his way of looking at the brighter side of things by choosing for his text Proverbs xxxi. verse 25 to the end of the chapter. The sermon has not come down to us, and we can only conjecture how he established the resemblance of the countess to the model housewife.

The countess's eldest son, Henry Cavendish, died without issue. Her second son, William, became Earl of Devonshire and was the ancestor of the dukes of that name. Her third son, Sir Charles Cavendish, was father of Charles I.'s general, the Marquis, afterwards the Duke, of Newcastle. A granddaughter of the latter married in succession General Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, and the Duke of Montagu. From the countess's eldest daughter the dukes of Kingston were descended, and her youngest daughter Mary and Earl Gilbert had a child who married the Earl of Arundel, grandson of the Duke of Norfolk beheaded by Elizabeth, and one of their descendants had the dukedom of Norfolk restored to him. If the worldly minded old countess could have foreseen such an array of dukes and duchesses among her descendants, she would have congratulated herself on the lessons which her example had taught her children. Unfortunately they learned more than a passion for advancement in the world from her, and some of the most frightful records of fraternal hate which disfigure English domestic history can be found in the annals of her household.

From Nature.

THE ORIGIN OF THE GREAT LAKES OF NORTH AMERICA.

At one time glaciers — perhaps in the co-operative society of an ice-sheet — were gravely suspected of having excavated even the great lakes of North America. This, however, is hardly probable. The *a priori* difficulties in the hypothesis are great. Apart from objections which have often been pointed out, the work done would be on so gigantic a scale that a longer period must be assigned to the glacial occupation of the region than seems probable from other considerations. Further, the direct evidence which will presently be noticed seems conclusive against the hypothesis; but it may be affirmed with better reason that ice has indirectly aided in the process, though to what extent we can, as yet, hardly venture to say.

During the last few years numerous observations have been made, both in Canada and in the United States, upon the configuration of the lake beds, and the elevation of their ancient margins. To some of these Dr. Wright refers in his volume on "The Ice Age in North America," and Professor J. W. Spencer (who has been engaged on this subject for several years) brings them into a focus in a paper recently published in the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London.*

At first sight the great lakes, from Superior to Ontario, are suggestive of glacial excavation. They seem to occupy true rock basins. Superior discharges into Huron over the ledges — once a "portage" — of Sault Ste. Marie. Huron as it were, leaks into Erie, the fall between the two sheets of water being only nine feet. Erie flows towards Ontario over the rocky rapids and the final precipice of Niagara; and the St. Lawrence, after leaving Ontario, gives frequent evidence of a rocky bed, the level of which is considerably above that of the bottom of the lake, for the depth of this near its eastern end is more than seven hundred feet. But more careful investigation of the lakes has shown that in these apparently perfect basins (as is sometimes discovered in household affairs) hidden cracks exist, which, under different physical conditions, would have let the water run out. This indeed is not the whole story; another agency must be presently mentioned; but that these apparent basins' once had outlets, by which they would have been

* Vol. xlvii., p. 523 (read April 16, 1890).

drained, at any rate partially, seems beyond question.

The following is a brief statement of the results of sounding in the water and boring on the land. The surface of Lake Superior is six hundred and thirty feet above sea-level, the deepest part of its bed three hundred and seventy-five feet below that datum plane. The fall from the shore line is generally rather rapid; a large part of the basin is more than three hundred feet deep, and a considerable area is below six hundred feet. The original outlet, according to Dr. Wright, was on the southern side; and by this, in pre-glacial times, the drainage was discharged towards the Mississippi. But, apparently, the information in regard to the ancient valley-system of the Lake Superior area is less complete than in the case of the other lakes.

The Huron-Michigan basin at once arrests attention by its extraordinary outline. Michigan is a gigantic backwater without inclosing hills at its southern or upper end. Huron proper is almost divided from Georgian Bay by the Indian Peninsula and a chain of rocky islands, of which Manitoulin Island is the chief. All this is far more suggestive of submergence than of any other mode of formation. Closer study has confirmed first impressions. Michigan really consists of two basins, divided by a plateau submerged at a maximum depth of three hundred and forty-two feet; the northern and larger basin sinks to a depth of eight hundred and sixty-four feet, the southern one only descends to five hundred and seventy-six feet. Hence, if the level of the water were lowered by three hundred and fifty feet, Michigan would be divided into two lakes.

Of these, the former must have drained into the north-west end of Lake Huron. It is true that the deepest soundings at the present outlet do not exceed two hundred and fifty-two feet, but near this a fjord-like channel has been traced in the shallower part, trending northward, with a depth of six hundred and twelve feet, and there are indications of other buried channels. Thus there can be little doubt that in pre-glacial times the northern basin of Michigan communicated, as the lake still does, with that of Lake Huron. But as to the outlet of the southern basin there is some dispute. Professor Spencer, however, states that a buried channel has now been traced along the valley of the Grand River, across the peninsula of Michigan to Saginaw Bay on Lake Huron. Its exact

depth has not been ascertained, but it has been pierced in several places to depths of from one hundred to two hundred feet below the level of the lake, and in one case the drift was found to extend five hundred feet below the surface of the ground, and three hundred and fifty below that of Lake Huron.

Next as to the drainage of this lake. Submerged channels resembling river valleys have been traced along its bed. One is a prolongation, in a north-easterly direction, of that which has just been mentioned. Another runs to join it from the south—that is, in the opposite direction from that of the present flow of the water; and a third is a continuation of the channel which drained the northern basin of Michigan. These three ultimately come together, and the united valley rounds Cabot's Head, and makes for the southern end of Georgian Bay, keeping near its south-western side. Here also an ancient outlet has been found. Across the low, flat land separating the waters of Georgian Bay from Lake Simcoe a buried channel has been struck in borings, at various depths—in one case two hundred and eighty feet—below the surface of the latter. Between this and Lake Ontario, well-borings indicate that the drift is very deep, and that it conceals an ancient channel, which entered Lake Ontario some thirty miles west of Toronto. Lake Erie, which is generally less than eighty-four feet deep, also exhibits a buried system of ramifying valleys, and the line of discharge into Ontario was not over the lip of Niagara but by a deep valley, now choked with drift, which can be traced several miles to the west of the present course of the St. Lawrence. In Ontario, also, a channel has been found, the greatest depth of which is over seven hundred feet below the surface of the lake. This runs near the southern shore, and receives other valleys from this direction.

The conclusion to which these investigations point is that in pre-glacial times the great lakes did not yet exist, but their site formed part of a system of river valleys, which ultimately coalesced in one main channel, now concealed beneath the waters of the eastern part of Ontario. Of these valleys, the one was cut off from the united system of the other tributaries at Detroit, and the head waters of these were parted by the plateau now buried beneath Lake Michigan. Some, indeed, have contended that the water of these rivers passed from the Ontario region towards the Hudson, but Professor Spencer con-

siders that they were even then tributary to the St. Lawrence.

But it would not suffice to block these channels with glacial drift. Parts of Lake Superior, the southern basin of Michigan, a little of Huron, and the eastern end of Ontario are beneath the sea-level; the last as much as four hundred and ninety-one feet below it. We must assume in addition a considerable downward movement of the whole area, otherwise these valleys could never have emptied themselves into the sea. To drain the valley occupied by Ontario would require, at the least, an elevation of more than seven hundred feet; southern Michigan, of not much less, perhaps of more. This hypothesis, however, presents no real difficulty, for it can be proved that many regions have been affected by movements, both upwards and downwards, in glacial or post-glacial times. The coast of Norway and many parts of northern America have been affected by a great downward movement — amounting not seldom to at least a thousand feet, and sometimes even as much as a thousand yards. This, again, after the ice had melted away and the main physical features of the district were sculptured, was followed by one in the contrary direction, which may be occasionally measured by some hundreds of feet; as, for example, at the beaches of Novaya Zembla, the terraces of the Varanger Fjord, and of many another inlet in Norway. Of this movement also there is proof on the Fraser and other rivers in America.

But to convert Lake Ontario into a river valley it would not be enough to give a general uplift and clear away the dams of glacial drift. Differential movements of the earth's crust are required. That these have sometimes occurred has been long since proved, in the case of Norway. Now, careful observations, by Professor Spencer and others, show the reasonableness of the hypothesis in the district of the great lakes. Around their shores are old terraces, which extend in some cases to a height of seventeen hundred feet above the present water-level, and are indicative, in Professor Spencer's opinion, of a depression to that amount. A series of careful measurements undertaken on different terraces and around more than one American lake prove that these terraces do not correspond with the existing contour lines, but have been affected by a differential uplift, amounting in one case to as much as four feet per mile.

Hence, it follows that the great North American lakes are of comparatively modern date, and are nothing more than a great system of river valleys, which have been converted into a chain of huge lakes, partly by the blockage of old channels, partly by differential movements of the earth's crust. If this view be established, and the evidence in its favor (which finds much support from other regions) appears very strong, it will help in elucidating several important questions, bearing on not only the history of the glacial epoch and the exact mode of the accumulation of the *débris*, but also on the cause of the movements of a crust which is asserted by physicists to be rigid. But into these questions, fascinating as they are, want of space precludes us from inquiring on the present occasion.

T. G. BONNEY.

From The Spectator.

MR. KINGLAKE.

MR. KINGLAKE'S name will, we imagine, be more closely associated in English literature with his "Invasion of the Crimea down to the Death of Lord Raglan" than with his volume of travels in the East, simply because the former contains so much that men desire to read for other reasons than the wish to promote their own enjoyment; whilst the latter, if it were not read for pleasure, would not be read at all. Yet we do not hesitate to say that "Eothen" is the richer in genius of the two. It is, we imagine, the best book of travels published in this century, and is as full of the spirit of youth and courage as it is of graphic vision and of buoyant self-satire. Like all Kinglake ever wrote, "Eothen" is self-conscious from beginning to end. But then it is self-conscious with a brisk impatience of its own self-consciousness, and vibrates with a throb of exultation as the exciting adventures through which he passed recur to him. And this deprives the book of all that sense of over-elaboration which mars something of the effect of the history of Lord Raglan's command. It is quite true, we believe, that "Eothen" was very carefully polished too. Tradition says that it was kept nine years in manuscript before it was given to the world, and that its very successful concealment of art was one of the chief evidences of the art with

which it was composed. Doubtless it was so. But still, the *élan*, the dash, the overflow of spirits, the "genial sense of youth," with which the travels abound, are most fascinating; and the care taken to revise the story of them only resulted in the exclusion of everything that had no literary significance, and the compression of everything which would bear compression without the loss of vivacity and force. In "The Invasion of the Crimea down to the Death of Lord Raglan," there is an anxious brilliance, a studied and long-drawn incisiveness, which gives the impression of powers tasked and strained to produce the highest literary effect. In "Eothen," Mr. Kinglake knew that if he could but recall the freshness of his own personal impressions, he must succeed. In the history, he was quite aware how much more anxious was his task,—first, to combine the effect of all he had felt and heard and read in the scenery of his own imagination; and, next, to reproduce that scenery vividly for others; and as he had felt and heard a great deal and read a great deal, and as his own likes and dislikes were sometimes not a little importunate and difficult to gratify without devices which looked almost artificial, the result was necessarily complex, and left those who read it with a certain sense of fatigued admiration. For instance, the attack on Mr. Gladstone, as the chancellor of the exchequer who in Lord Aberdeen's government drifted into war without warning the country whither it was going, brilliant in its irony as it is, is unquestionably too elaborate for full effectiveness. The sapping and mining is too ingenious, the irony too emphatic, the scorn too redundant. Lord Aberdeen, the prime minister, is let off so easily as he is, evidently in order to throw Mr. Gladstone's responsibility for the manner in which the drifting into war took place, into higher relief. Lord Aberdeen wandered on in the dark; Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, it is implied, was shuffling the pleas of conscience with which he was beset, so as to render the excuse of "invincible ignorance" entirely inappropriate:—

But there was another member of the Cabinet who was supposed to hold war in deep abhorrence. Mr. Gladstone was chancellor of the exchequer; and since he was by virtue of his office the appointed guardian of the public purse, those pure and lofty principles which made him cling to peace were reinforced by an official sense of the harm which war inflicts by its costliness. Now it happened

that, if he was famous for the splendor of his eloquence, for his unaffected piety, and for his blameless life, he was celebrated far and wide for a more than common liveliness of conscience. He had once imagined it to be his duty to quit a government, and to burst through strong ties of friendship and gratitude, by reason of a thin shade of difference on the subject of white or brown sugar. It was believed that if he were to commit even a little sin, or to imagine an evil thought, he would instantly arraign himself before the dread tribunal which awaited him in his own bosom; and that, his intellect being subtle and microscopic, and delighting in casuistry and exaggeration, he would be likely to give his soul a very harsh trial, and treat himself as a great criminal for faults too minute to be visible to the naked eyes of laymen. His friends lived in dread of his virtues as tending to make him whimsical and unstable, and the practical politicians, conceiving that he was not to be depended upon for party purposes, and that he was bent on none but lofty objects, used to look upon him as dangerous,—used to call him behind his back a good man, a good man in the worst sense of the term. In 1853 it seemed only too probable that he might quit office upon an infinitely slight suspicion of the warlike tendency of the government; but what appeared certain was, that if upon the vital question of peace or war, the government should depart by even a hairs-breadth from the right path, the chancellor of the exchequer would instantly refuse to be a partaker of their fault. He, and he before all other man, stood charged to give the alarm of danger; and there seemed to be no particle of ground for fearing that, like the prime minister, he would drift. The known watchfulness and alacrity of his conscience, and his power of detecting small germs of evil, led the world to think it impossible that he could be moving for months in a wrong course without knowing it.

That is rather long-drawn and "cold-drawn" (as druggists say of some disagreeable medicines), and the still more celebrated and much more elaborated dissection of Louis Napoleon is marked in a very much higher degree by the same defects. The style of "The Invasion of the Crimea," with all its highly polished brilliance, is very inferior, in our estimation, to the style of "Eothen" in genius and fascination. "Eothen" is full of a young man's eloquence, it is true; but then, it is the eloquence of a young man of sharp senses, keen wit, and the most vivid life. There is something artificial and over-ripe in even the finest invective of "The Invasion of the Crimea." Compare, for instance, the tirade, we have just quoted against Mr. Gladstone, which

wholly missed, we think, the peculiar and dangerous concentration of Mr. Gladstone's mind on his own more distinctly personal responsibilities, and the eager combativeness of his character in relation to those responsibilities, with the admirable irony with which Kinglake laughs at himself in "Eothen" on the proposal of his dragoman that he should put to death the Nazarene guide who had led him astray on the east bank of the Jordan. "And here it was, if I remember rightly, that Dthemetri submitted to me a plan for putting to death the Nazarine whose misguidance had been the cause of our difficulties. There was something fascinating in this suggestion, for the slaying of the guide was of course easy enough, and would look like an act of what politicians call 'vigor.' If it were only to become known to my friends in England, that I had calmly killed a fellow-creature for taking me out of my way, I might remain perfectly quiet and tranquil for the rest of my days, quite free from the danger of being considered 'slow.' I might ever after live on my reputation, like single-speech Hamilton in the last century, or 'single-sin ——' in this, without being obliged to take the trouble of doing any more harm in the world," — and so on. That has much more *pulse* in it than the irony of the history; and indeed, throughout this inimitable book of travels, the vividness of the life strikes one from beginning to end, showing itself in the half-satirical enthusiasm, the high courage, the laughing energy, the cool presence of mind with which every turn in events is met, and which contrasts curiously with the somewhat weary, artistic finish of "The Invasion of the Crimea." There is a swiftness, an *aperçu*, a touch of the old-world cavalier about "Eothen," which we never find again in Mr. Kinglake's writings. Whether he takes off the speculative disgust with which the Turk regards the Englishman, — "a mysterious, unaccountable, uncomfortable work of God which may have been sent for some good purpose, to be revealed hereafter;" or indulges in a rhapsody on the Sphinx gazing on "keen-eyed travellers, Herodotus yesterday and Warburton to-day;" or describes his sensations when he found himself on a swift dromedary absolutely alone in the desert, and on a very uncertain and, as it proved, misleading track; or as he finds himself, after a fall from the same dromedary, alone in the darkness without even anything to ride upon; or admiring

the wonderful beauty of the Smyrnesse women and the splendor of the sculptured Persephone, with "the massive braid of hair as it catches a touch of light on its jetty surface, and the broad, calm, angry brow, the large eyes deeply set and self-relying as the eyes of a conqueror, with all their rich shadows of thought lying darkly around them . . . the thin, fiery nostril and the bold line of the chin and throat disclosing all the fierceness and all the pride, passion, and power that can live along with the womanly beauty of the sweetly turned lips;" or describes his feelings as he came once more in view of the Western world on the pass of the Lebanon, and reminds himself that he must not linger too long on "that difficult pass that leads from Thought to Action," — Mr. Kinglake did not write a sentence in "Eothen" that was not instinct with ardent life.

As a matter of fact, however, Kinglake did linger all his life on the difficult pass in question. It is true that he came home and was called to the bar, followed Marshal St. Arnaud in his Algerian campaign, entered Parliament, took up — rather languidly — a few Foreign Office questions, accompanied the staff in the Crimea, and wrote "The Invasion of the Crimea," a book full of elaborate research, elaborate invective, elaborate military criticism, and elaborate analysis of character; but he never plunged into anything like real action. His life hardly redeemed the promise of his delightful youthful journey. His mind lost its enthusiasm, its freshness, though not its culture and its keen irony. If he is remembered, as he will be, for a most polished and studied story of a year or two of war, he will never be fully enjoyed except in the spirit-stirring adventure, the dubious scorn, the eager wonder, and the brilliant pictures of "Eothen."

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW FACES.

To the *Universal Review*, Mr. Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon," contributes some quaint "Ramblings in Cheap-side." From the transmigration of souls it is a short step to the transmigration of bodies. Of this phenomenon Mr. Butler gives the following instances within his own range of observation: —

Going down once towards Italy I saw a

young man in the train whom I recognized, only he seemed to have got younger. All of a sudden I remembered he was King Francis I. of France. I had hitherto thought the face of this king impossible, but when I saw it in play I understood it. His great contemporary Henry VIII. keeps a restaurant in Oxford Street. Falstaff drove one of the St. Gothard diligences for many years, and only retired when the railway was opened. Titian once made me a pair of boots at Vicenza, and not very good ones. At Modena I had my hair cut by a young man whom I perceived was Raffaele. The model who sat to him for his celebrated Madonnas is first lady in a confectionery establishment at Montreal. She has a little motherly pimple on the left side of her nose that is misleading at first, but on examination she is easily recognized; probably Raffaele's model had the pimple too, but Raffaele left it out—as he would. Handel, of course, is Madame Patey. Give Madame Patey Handel's wig and clothes, and there would be no telling her from Handel. It is not only that the features and the shape of the head are the same, but there is a certain imperiousness of expression and attitude about Handel, which he hardly attempts to conceal in Madame Patey. It is a curious coincidence that he should continue to be such an incomparable renderer of his own music. Pope Julius II. was the late Mr. Darwin. I met Goethe once coming down Ludgate Hill, and glared at him, but would not look at him. Mr. Pitt is a clerk in a solicitor's office, and neither drinks nor gambles. Michael Angelo is a commissioner; I saw him on board the Glen Rosa, which used to run every day from London to Clacton-on-Sea and back. It gave me quite a turn when I saw him coming down the stairs from the upper deck, with his bronzed face, flattened nose, and with the familiar bar upon his forehead. I never liked Michael Angelo, and never shall, but I am afraid of him, and was near trying to hide when I saw him coming towards me. He had not got his commissioner's uniform on, and I did not know he was one till I met him a month or so later in the Strand. When we got to Blackwall the music struck up and people began to dance. I never saw a man dance so much in my life. He

did not miss a dance all the way to Clacton, nor all the way back again, and when not dancing he was flirting and cracking jokes. I could hardly believe my eyes when I reflected that this man had painted the famous "Last Judgment," and had made all these statues.

Dante is, or was a year or two ago, a waiter at Brissago, on the Lago Maggiore, only he is better-tempered-looking and has a more intellectual expression. He gave me his ideas upon beauty. "Tutto ch'è vero è bello," he exclaimed, with all his old self-confidence. "I am not afraid of Dante. I know people by their friends, and he went about with Virgil." So I said, with some severity, "No, Dante, il naso della Signora Robinson è vero, ma non è bello," and he admitted I was right. Beatrice's name is Towler; she is waitress at a small inn in German Switzerland. I used to sit at my window and hear people call "Towler, Towler, Towler," fifty times in a forenoon. She was the exact antithesis of Abra; Abra, if I remember, used to come before they called her name, but no matter how often they called Towler, every one came before she did. I suppose they spelt her name Tauld, but to me it sounded Towler; I never, however, met any one else with this name. She was a sweet, artless, little hussy, who made me play the piano to her, and she said it was lovely. Of course I only played my own compositions; so I believed her, and it all went off very nicely. I thought it might save trouble if I did not tell her who she really was, so I said nothing about it. I have never seen Mendelssohn, but there is a fresco of him on the terrace, or open-air dining-room, of an inn at Chiavenna. He is not called Mendelssohn, but I knew him by his legs. He is in the costume of a dandy of some five-and forty years ago, is smoking a cigar, and appears to be making an offer of marriage to his cook. Beethoven both my friend Mr. H. Festing Jones and I have had the good fortune to meet; he is an engineer now, and does not know one note from another; he has quite lost his deafness, is married, and is, of course, a little squat man with the same refractory hair that he always had. It was very interesting to watch him, and Jones remarked that before the end of dinner he had become positively posthumous.

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